Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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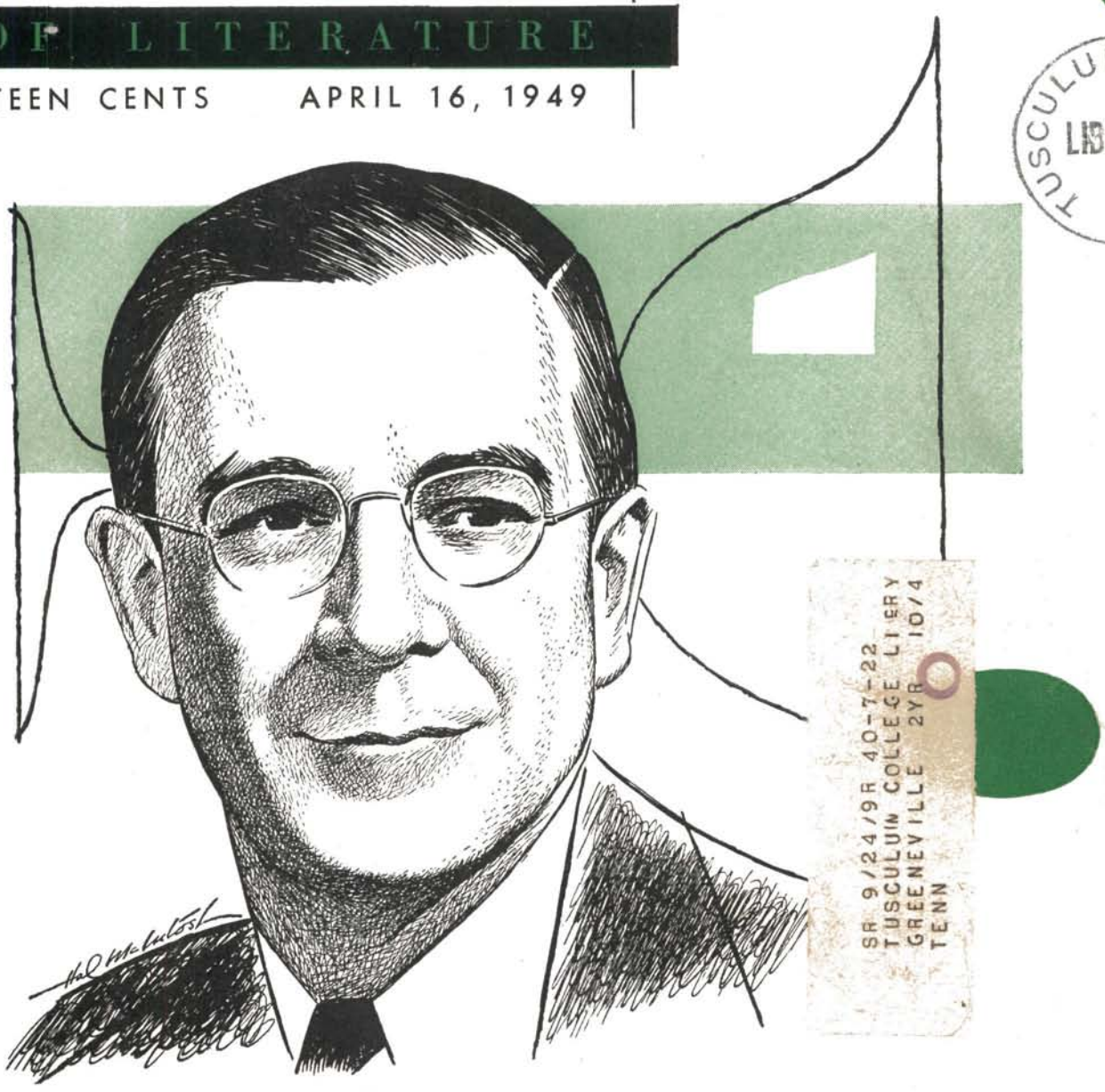

Virginius Dabney, author of "Dry Messiah." (See page 19)

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A Debate Between George Bernard Shaw and H. J. Muller

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This Week

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UT MARY stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, woman, Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the Gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

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TRADE Winds

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA, a city of 30,000 just over the line from Kansas, is typical of a score of prosperous Southwestern communities that owe their being and development to the discovery of oil. Here the Phillips Petroleum Company has its home offices, and its nationally famous basketball team, the "Oilers." A few miles outside the city, in the bare, brown grass hills where two generations ago forty-two tribes of Indians were herded together by invading white men and promised a permanent sanctuary, Frank Phillips has built a museum of natural history called Woolaroc, and equipped it with probably the finest collection of Indian relics and handicraft in the world.

Bartlesville's inn, the Burlingame, is a typical small-city hotel—with one exception. To the left of the lobby I was astonished to discover a stock brokerage office, more crowded than any I had seen since the 1929 crash. Here scores of bronzed, healthy young men, many in boots, sombreros, and blue shirts open at the neck, were calmly trading thousands of shares of common stocks. They have made their money quickly and evidently are willing to risk losing it the same way. . . .

The men who have made millions out of oil are singularly favored by the income-tax laws. The deductions they are allowed make writers and stars of stage and screen splutter with what I think is justifiable rage. Oil deposits are exhaustible, sure enough, —but so are the creative impulses of writers and the physical charms of glamor girls. There are a score of oil men in Texas and Oklahoma today who are reputed to be netting a million dollars a week, over and above taxes! No wonder they are reluctant to make public the details (Quentin Reynolds is down there at this very moment trying to persuade a couple of them to grant him interviews). And no wonder that when a dinner recently was given in Houston to raise funds for a local university, and the time-honored call came for "Who'll be the first to make a contribution?," one guest calmly announced, "You can put me down for $500,000"! . . .

DRIVING AROUND BARTLESVILLE with Esther Custer and Russell Davis, I commented on the fact that since Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" there really had not been a notable book about this part of America. They promised to do some scouting for me. Meanwhile, Jewel Gibson, the author of "Joshua Bean and God," is working on a novel about the oil industry that is said to be the real McCoy. . . . Davis still remembers the local appearance of Hector Bolitho, who warned the committee that met him at the station, "Kindly bear in mind that I am not a chattel, but a piece of precious jade that must be handled as breakable." Nobody dared talk to him all day. In his lecture, he told about his lucky stone, walked off-stage to get it, unwrapped it, sighed, "It's beautiful," and wrapped it up again—without ever showing it once to the audience! . . . The all-time favorite visitor was Jan Struther who blew into town shouting, "I don't want to hear a word about Mrs. Miniver. Show me some Indians and the nearest Kresge store!" . . . I had to drive some seventy miles to get a train at Vinita, where the state pen is situated. According to rumor, this is the place where a wacky prisoner, accused by a girl of hacking her brother to bits with an axe, turned to the warden and pleaded, "Just give me something to dismember her by." . . .

LA QUINTA HOTEL TODAY IS A superbly equipped and located retreat in the California desert, a few miles from Indio. Owned by a syndicate headed by John Balaban, of Paramount, it caters to a sprinkling of Hollywood celebrities, literary fat-cats, and the families of business executives—mostly from the Middle West—who can take the tariff without fainting. You can bask in desert sunshine of ninety degrees at noon, and be knee-deep in snow at the nearby skiing resort of Idlewild an hour and a half later. For a couple of weeks of utter relaxation it cannot be surpassed, although it's hard to crack through a usual waiting-list of a hundred or more. Bill Walshe, Verla Iddings, and Suzy Stagg are the diplomats who were able to turn down Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, and Bob Hope in succession this year without evoking a harsh word. . . . Pounding their typewriters in bungalows nearby were Judge Sam Rosenman, compiling the final set of FDR papers and addresses for *Harper's*, Dorothy Hughes, author of "Ride the Pink Horse" and "The Big Barbecue," Leonora Hornblow, and Anne Shirley, whose movie column was just reaching big-time status when the *New York Star* folded. It seems to me another metropolitan daily should snap it up pronto. (It also seems to me that the *New York Post* should not have dropped Paul Dennis's radio column while I was away. I considered it one of the top features of the paper.) . . .

SPEAKING OF THE LATE, LAMENTED *Star*, there's a heartwarming story of one of the editors who had to come home to his wife and three small boys and

"Fantastic or not, gentlemen, we have just been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club."

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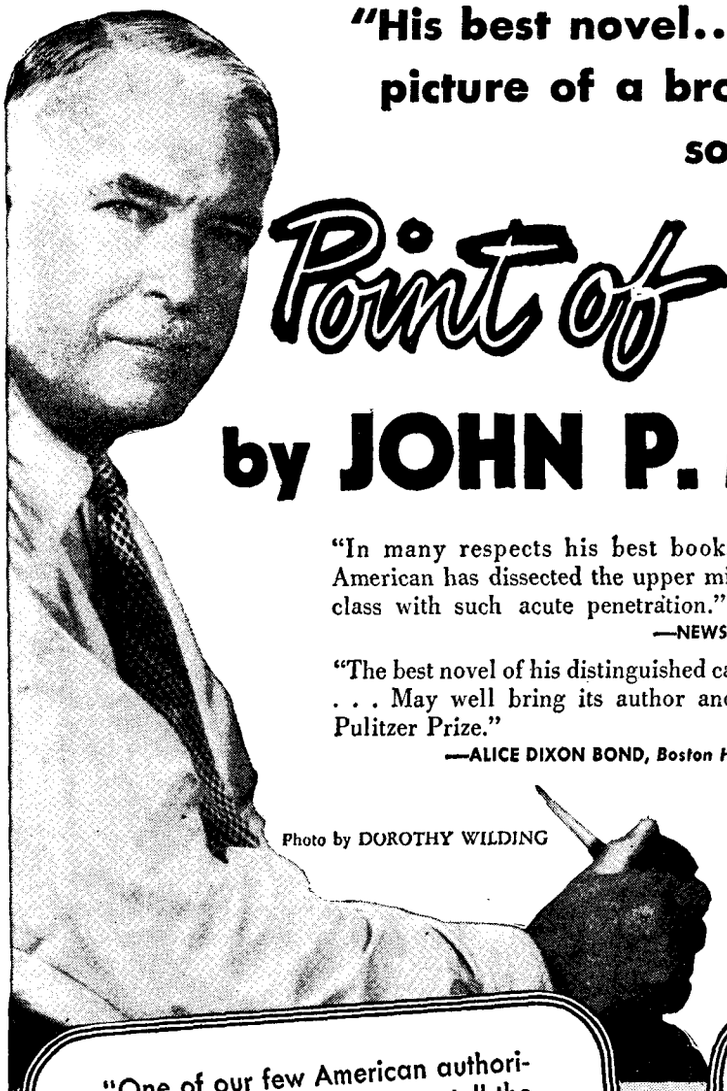

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—MARY ROSS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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break the news that the paper had suspended suddenly, leaving him without a job. In fact, this was the second enterprise that, through no fault of his, had collapsed and stranded him within a year. The kids said nothing, but when the editor awoke the next morning and walked into the dining room, he found spread on the table a poster, with rough lettering that proclaimed, "We believe in you, Dad." Onto it the three kids had poured the contents of their individual savings banks. . . .

THIRTY YEARS AGO THE STRETCH between Indio and Banning was a desert waste. Henry Kaiser, down for a visit to his Fontanna steel mill, and a day or so of what he calls rest, recalled building the state highway there in 1921 (road construction was the foundation of the first Kaiser fortune). There wasn't a human being in sight; wagons brought water and victuals over the pass to the men sweating it out in the intense heat. Twice sandstorms blew away his entire camp. . . . Then an underground river was discovered. Date and grape growers appeared, followed by hordes of real estate promoters. La Quinta today is only one of an unending string of plush retreats and dude ranches. Most of them go through the bankruptcy wringer before somebody puts them on a paying basis. This year one of them broke the record: it opened in October and went broke in January. The fifth manager is now struggling with it.

Unprecedented cold weather ruined the first months of the season completely. Abel Green, editor of *Variety*, has a snapshot of Eddie Cantor's Palm Springs hacienda with snow covering the ground. A half dozen hotel proprietors threaten to blow out their brains if he prints it. Palm Springs residents hadn't seen snow in fifty years, and if they don't see more for the next hundred, nobody will complain. . . . By the time we reached the desert, the weather was back to normal, and resort proprietors were recouping some of their losses. . . .

JACK BENNY OFTEN COMES TO the desert to prepare his radio programs. This

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 785)

DAVID BRADLEY:
NO PLACE TO HIDE

The greatest failure of these Bikini tests has been in apprehending their sociological implications. Evidently, . . . in the long run, the one thing more dangerous than informed governments abroad will be an uninformed American opinion.

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year he brought along Jack Warner for a broadcast of "The Horn Blows at Midnight," a famous fiasco when it was released originally as a screenplay by Warners. "It was so bad," recalled Jack Warner, "that after the prevue we spent a million dollars on a new ending." "Was it an improvement?" he was asked. "We'll never know," he admitted. "Nobody ever stayed to see it!" . . . Another visitor whom we were delighted to see was Clifton Webb, writing his autobiography for Doubleday between pictures at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Webb remembers a choice episode that took place in a New York office of Western Union. He accompanied Noel Coward, who was bent on sending a congratulatory wire to a friend opening a play in Boston. Coward playfully signed the wire "Mayor Fiorello La Guardia." The clerk said, "I'm sorry, but we are not allowed to accept wires with false signatures of celebrities." "Okay," conceded Coward. "Change the signature to 'Noel Coward'." The clerk said sharply, "That's just as bad as La Guardia." "But I *am* Noel Coward," he insisted and produced credentials to prove it. By this time the clerk was in a state of fine confusion. "As long as you really *are* Noel Coward," she said, "I guess you can sign the wire 'Mayor La Guardia'!" —BENNETT CERF.

To My Small Son, Beach-combing

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE sea has treasures, ingots of bright gold,
Coffers of silver coins and jeweled rings
Ivory and carven jade and precious things,
More than your pockets, more than a house could hold.
She hides them in her glimmering icy caves,
They lie long fathoms down, the dark weeds bind them,
And you and I, my son, will never find them
Cast on the beaches by the careless waves.

But she will give you a stone, rubbed smooth and shining,
Holding its colors even when it is dry,
And a periwinkle's house, like a little bell,
And an oyster's empty hinge, with its silvery lining,
And a wisp of sponge, and a marvelous fluted shell
With the sound of her voice therein, to remember her by.

The Golden Fury

by MARIAN CASTLE

author of DEBORAH

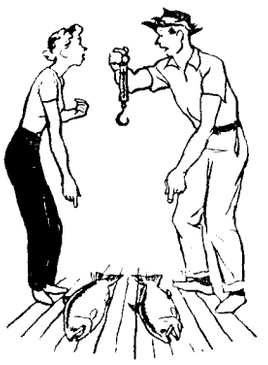
Three years ago a great-hearted heroine won the hearts of readers everywhere, made DEBORAH a best-seller, established a fine new writer. Now, with the same sweep of magnificent vitality, comes the equally unforgettable Cara. Hers is a story of love and hardship and high courage in a rough young land—the Colorado mining camps of the Nineties. In the swarming boom towns—and in the highly patterned setting of plush Denver society—Cara pledges her fiery beauty, her indomitable spirit . . . to a fighting search for fulfillment. *$3.00 at your bookstore*

MORROW

Till Fish Us Do Part

The Confessions of a Fisherman's Wife

by BEATRICE COOK



With her tongue in her cheek—and fish scales in her hair—the author tells the rollicking story of her marriage to a man who promised to love, honor . . . and obey that Izaak Walton impulse. *$3.00.*

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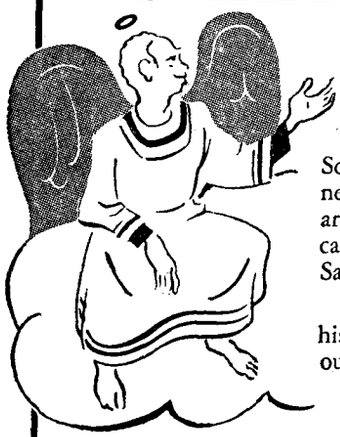

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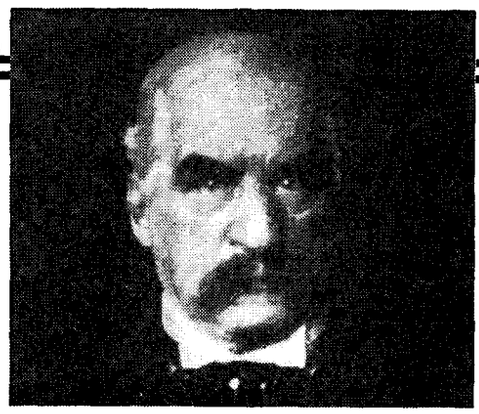
writes the absorbing life story of America's mightiest—and last—grandee



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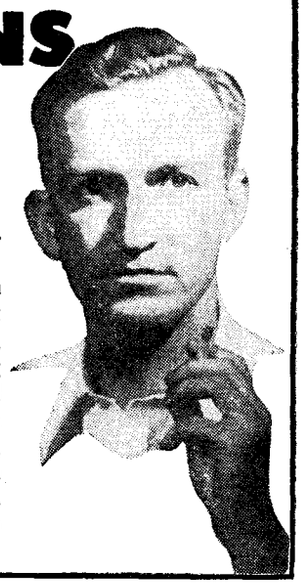

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⑥ The decision of the judges listed below will be final. The winner will be announced by mail by June 15th, 1949.

The Judges

Miss Amy Loveman
of *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Mr. Charles H. Denhard
of *Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells, Advertising Agency, New York*

Mr. Terrence Holliday
of *The Holliday Bookstore, New York*

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To Be a Pilgrim and the critics

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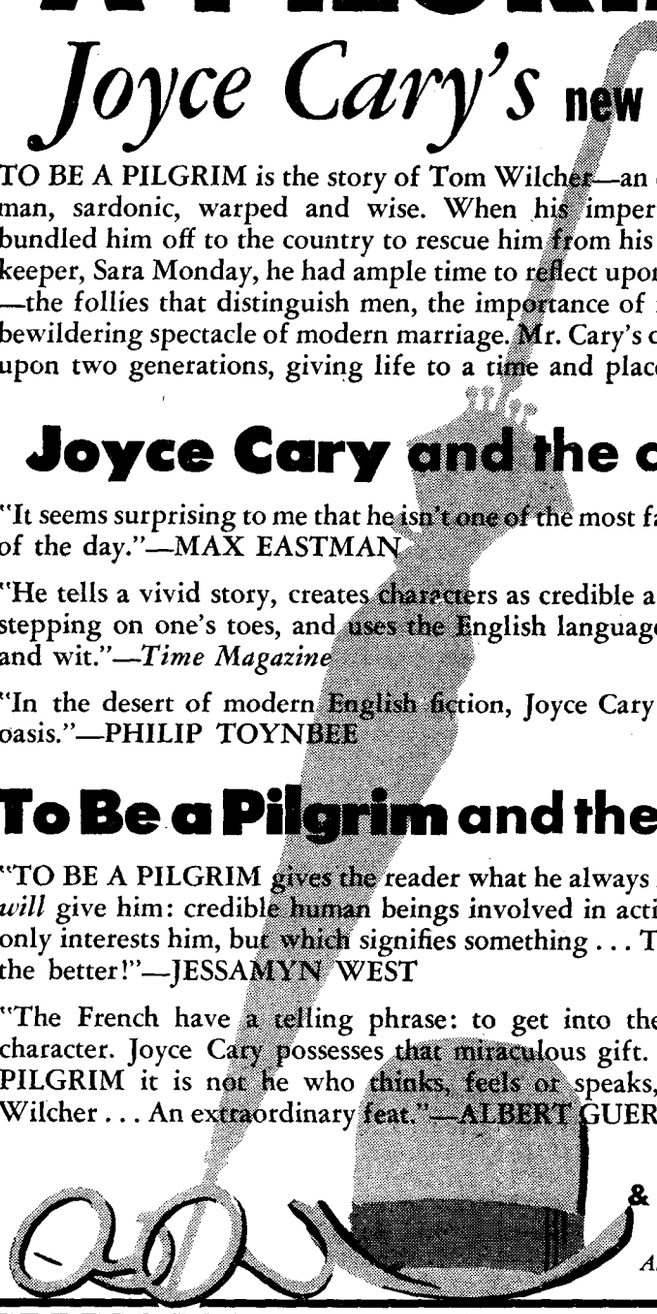

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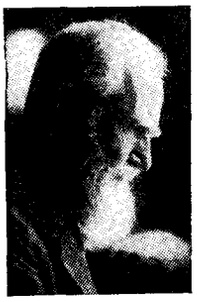
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In an article in its issue of April 5 Pravda of Moscow linked Professor H. J. Muller of Indiana University, one of the foremost living geneticists, with "United States imperialists." The attack was based in large part on the indictment of "Lysenkoism," the official Communist genetics theory, which Professor Muller had made in two* SRL *articles, "The Destruction of Science in USSR" and "Back to Barbarism—Scientifically" [*SRL *Dec. 4, 11]. Professor Muller's articles, as well as several written by leading British geneticists for the London* Times, *also provoked protest from a less expected quarter—George Bernard Shaw* The Saturday Review *publishes here a defense of "Lysenkoism" by GBS, together with a rebuttal by Professor Muller.*

Behind the Lysenko Controversy

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



—*Howard Coster.*

George Bernard Shaw

THE Lysenko controversy has been honored in *The Times* of London and *The Saturday Review* of New York by special articles. To anyone who knows the ropes, the rumpus is laughable. Lysenko is a neo-Lamarckian who believes that acquired characteristics are inherited, in flat contradiction to the neo-Darwinist Weismann, who denied that any acquired characteristic can be inherited, and was so fanatically determinist that he maintained that every act of a living creature was imposed on it by external circumstances, and could not be prevented or initiated or forwarded by any legislature or any purpose or desire or volition of its living agents. As Butler had put it to Darwin, determinism "banishes mind from the universe."

Call it fatalism and it becomes plain at once that it is a doctrine that no state can tolerate, least of all a Socialist state, in which every citizen shall aim at altering circumstances for the better purposely and conscientiously, and no criminal nor militant reactionary can be excused on the ground that his actions are not his own but the operation of external natural forces predetermined from the beginning of the world and entirely beyond his control or prevention. There is not a civilized country on earth which does not hold its citizens responsible for their conduct, persecuting ruthlessly all who act too irresponsibly, and in extreme cases certifying them as madmen and locking them up.

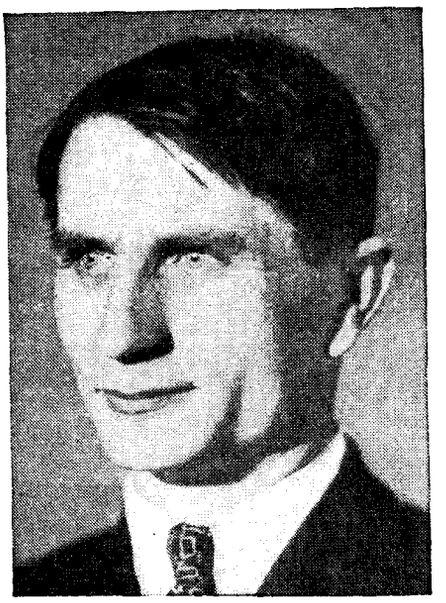
Lysenko is no determinist. Following up Michurin's agricultural experiments, he found that it is possible to extend the area of soil cultivation by breeding strains of wheat that flourish in a sub-Arctic climate, and transmit this acquired characteristic to its seed. This hard fact nullified Weismann and his determinism, as facts are continually nullifying paper theories and hypotheses.

Lysenko is not the first in the field. Samuel Butler realized eighty years ago the enormity of the fatalism inherent in Darwinism, though Darwin, a Unitarian, was not a Darwinist, but a naturalist whose speciality was the semblance of evolution produced by what he called natural selection. Butler, in two books entitled "Life and Habit" and "Luck or Cunning?" fought Darwin tooth and nail.

Butler was followed in 1906 by myself. After a careful observation of my own acquired habits I pointed out, in the course of a lecture on Darwin to the Fabian Society, that evolution means that all habits are inherited. I cited the fact that as breathing is an inborn habit, and speaking, like skating and bicycling, one which every generation has to aquire it proves that habits are acquired by imperceptible increments at each generation, the inborn habits being those already fully acquired, and the rest only in process of acquirement.

I was followed by Bergson, who supplemented Butler's views and mine with a philosophy of our creative evolution.

After Bergson, Weismannism lost its stranglehold on the scientific world. Scott Haldane (father of J. B. S.), Needham, and in Russia Michurin and Lysenko, broke away from fatalism, not polemically, but by simply ignoring it.



"Lysenko is no determinist."

And now comes the joke. Fatalism is now dropped or certified as materialism gone mad. Creative evolution is basically vitalist, and, as such, mystical, intuitive, irrational, poetic, passionate, religious, and catholic; for neither Lamarck nor Butler nor I nor Bergson nor Lysenko nor anyone else can account rationally for the life force, the evolutionary appetite, the *élan vital*, the Divine Providence (alias will of God), or the martyrdoms that are the seed of Communism. It has just to be accepted as a so far inexplicable natural fact.

Weismannism, dismissing this force as an illusion produced by Darwinian natural selection, is soulless, totally rationalist, fatalist, anarchist, mechanist, and arch-materialist. It immobilizes its votaries morally, driving Lysenko on to the extremity of demanding its persecution as a voodoo.

Lysenko is on the right side as a vitalist; but the situation is confused by the purely verbal snag that Marx called his philosophy dialectical materialism. Now in Russia Marx is a pontiff; and all scientists who do not call themselves materialists must be persecuted. Accordingly, Lysenko has to pretend that he is a materialist when he is in fact a vitalist; and thus muddles us ludicrously. Marxism seems to have gone as mad as Weismannism; and it is no longer surprising that Marx had to insist that he was not a Marxist.

The fault is wholly that of the detestable Hegelian jargon, which hampered and bothered the Socialist movement in the 1860's, and is mere abracadabra in England.

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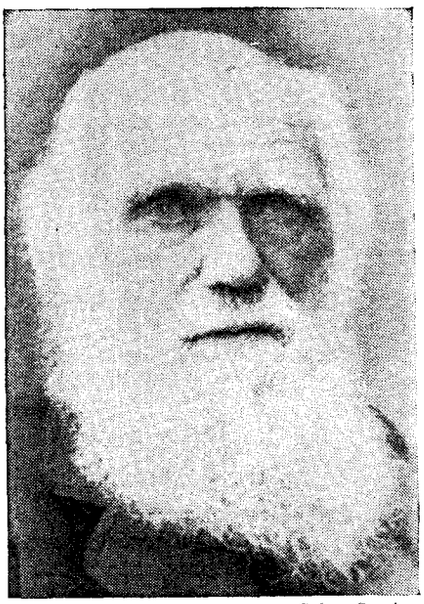


—Culver Service.

"Darwin was not a Darwinist . . ."

We have a parallel mix-up at home. In the Church of England no candidate for ordination can be inducted to a living unless when catechized by the Bishop he tells the flat lie, which the Bishop knows to be a lie, that he believes without mental reservations everything in the Bible literally. His justification is that as he will not be allowed to exercise his vocation without going through this imposture, he does it under duress, and is therefore not morally responsible for it. Lysenko has to tell the flat lie that he is a materialist, and can make the same excuse for what it is worth. Meanwhile it is our business not to let this bogus controversy be used as a red herring to split us into two factions squabbling about nothing. The trick is an old one: divide and govern.

Anyone can be a good Christian without believing that Joshua stopped the sun, or Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. So also is it possible to be a Socialist without, like Engels, making "Das Kapital" "the Bible of the working class," or accepting Marx's version of the exploded capitalist theory of value or his attempt to account for surplus value by an analysis of the circulation of commodities that is now tiresome nonsense. He knew nothing of the theory of rent and interest; and his English translators, like those of Wagner, made a mess of the German philosophic lingo, not having the literary genius of Carlyle, who assimilated it superbly. If only they had read the Jacobean Bible and learned from it how to write English as Bunyan did, Marx would not have had to wait twenty-five years for his doctrine to be put into plain English by Hyndman, Morris, and the Fabians. By that time he was dead.

It Still Isn't a Science

A Reply to George Bernard Shaw

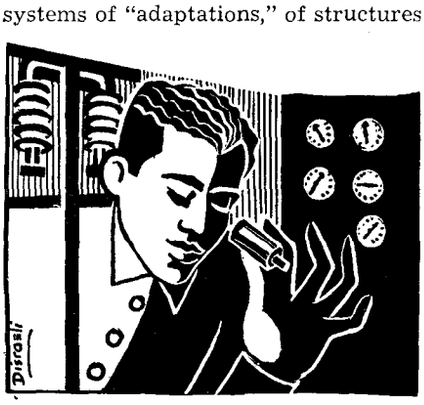
H. J. MULLER

A MAN who has done as much to challenge outgrown traditions and to increase social enlightenment as has Bernard Shaw should have the privilege of making some mistakes, even very fundamental ones, without losing our respect. It is an honor to encounter him even as an antagonist. We may be prepared to find him expressing some important truths even when he is in error.

Shaw's characteristic perspicacity is not at fault when he sets down the Lysenkoists as vitalists and mystics, and characterizes their viewpoint as irreconcilable with either "materialism," "mechanism," or any rational scientific interpretation. It is entirely natural that, with his own lifelong outlook of vitalism and mysticism, he should look upon their kindred position with such favor. However, because of the terminological pretenses to the contrary which they are forced to adopt, they must find this frank friendship of his very embarrassing.

They were unable to practise Shaw's intellectual honesty by admitting that their view of evolution requires a "life force," "*èlan vital*," or "creative will," which lies outside the range of science. Yet without the intervention of an "idealistic" entity of this kind—a moving spirit which can see ahead—there could not be that generalized adaptability in the essence of living things which their doctrine tacitly (and sometimes more explicitly) must assume.

It is obvious that all living things of today constitute most complicated systems of "adaptations," of structures



and processes that work together so as to further their own survival and multiplication. Yet if this has arisen through evolution, *i.e.* through a series of small steps from very simple beginnings, there are only two possibilities. One is that the organism contains, or at least is directly guided by, some sort of soul which can see ahead, so as to take the right steps of variation at the right times. This is perforce the vitalistic position. The inheritance of acquired characters is invoked as an adjunct to it. The other is the view that the individual steps of inheritable variation are blind and therefore blundering. In that case, it follows that, as Darwin and, independently, Russell Wallace pointed out, the steps that happened to be useful will naturally have tended to survive and multiply, while the others will have tended to die out soon after they occurred. Thus each surviving line of organisms will gradually have come to incorporate more and more of those accidental variations that chanced to be adaptive until, today, it constitutes a working system of marvelous complexity.

—Acme.

H. J. Muller

It is this idea of natural selection which we think of mainly as "Darwinism," because it was Darwin's most distinctive contribution, even though Darwin did not entirely discard the older, animistic notions. Natural selection was one of the most revolutionary ideas of all time, because it at last solved, in a rational, naturalistic way, the challenging riddle of organic adaptation—the fact that organisms seem made expressly to fit given purposes. Thus it undermined the strongest pillar of evidence of the mystics. It is for this reason that it was subjected to such vehement assault by reactionaries. However, with the aid of the facts of genetics, the main principle of Darwinism has withstood all the attempts to destroy it, and has

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increasingly won the recognition of all serious, objective students of the subject.

The Lysenkoists wish to turn the clock back not merely to pre-genetic but even pre-Darwinian days, while still calling their ancient doctrine "Darwinism." Shaw is quite right in saying that Samuel Butler put forward the same views, and that later he, Shaw, followed in these footsteps. But while honoring Shaw and Butler for their social and esthetic contributions, we do not need to credit them with being natural scientists, or even with having understood (as Wells did) the spirit of science. Shaw's unfortunate stands against vaccination and vivisection, as well as his espousal, in "Back to Methuselah" and elsewhere, of the view that evolution comes about by simply willing it, bear testimony to his lack of understanding of biological essentials. Yet it is this sort of thing, only more and worse, and far more dangerously, that Lysenko and his aides now enforce as official dogma.

OF course the matter is not to be settled by philosophical argument or temperamental predilection but only by the gathering of the hard facts. That is just where genetics has come in. And that is why, in the eyes of the Lysenkoists, genetics has to be, and in their territory has been, wiped off the map. Neither public platforms nor non-technical periodicals are suitable for the exposition of these facts, for the public has not the patience to be bothered with the intricacies. However, there are a few sound lay treatments, such as Scheinfeld's "You and Heredity" or Altenburg's "How We Inherit," and there are good brief presentations in several modern high-school and college texts of general biology. We cannot argue profitably with Lysenko on the subject, any more than we could have argued profitably with William Jennings Bryan or the fanatical preacher Henry Norris, because their statements show them to be too ignorant and hopelessly confused as to these facts, while able to put up a shifting front that readily deceives the uninitiated.

It is self-deception to think that the choosing of the mystical or of the genetic view of biological origins would have a direct bearing on our conclusions as to what kind of social system is the most desirable. Economic competition in human society and war between the nations of today are very far from Darwinian natural selection, and the "class struggle" has little in common with the "struggle for existence." Either democracy or dictatorship could be reconciled with either vitalism or a scientific view of living matter, but that is far from saying that either social arrangement is equally desirable for mankind or equally conducive to social or biological progress.

Shaw's thinking is even more confused, although following in this case well-known traditional lines, when he concludes that a scientific attitude, deterministic with regard to molar processes, is irreconcilable with morality, a sense of obligation, and a well-functioning society. The ancient metaphysical dilemma of "freedom of the will" versus "fatalism" is at bottom a false antithesis and semantic nonsense. We all know that we do go through a process that we call making choices, but we also know that these choices in turn are guided by our own preferences as to consequences and by our judgments, right or wrong, as to what the consequences are likely to be. These preferences and these judgments in their turn depend upon their antecedents, and the workings of the processes involved are being more and more unraveled. What we recognize as our mental operations are real and necessary links in the chain of behavior, but that does not make them, themselves, the less determined by prior causes. "Self-determination" is a contradiction in terms. The only possible alternative to determination in the scientific sense would be a blind caprice, subject to the laws of statistical mathematics only. This mode of decision in ourselves would be of no use to us, however, and it would deprive us of the only freedom that counts—the capability of making choices on the basis of the given situation, in accordance with our interests. Nor must this mean our selfish, individual interests alone, for the highest social behavior lies included herein.

IT IS time for modern man to give up the escapism of believing that caprice is in itself a virtue, and for him to realize that his valid outlet lies rather in the recognition and utilization of the laws of his own being and of the universe, in such wise as to control ever more effectively and satisfactorily both himself and his environment. Whether we call this freedom or mechanism is relatively unimportant. However, in the only significant sense of these terms, it is both of them at once, working in mutual harmony. It behooves the humanists, in view of this, to give up their antagonism to scientific thinking. Let them, however, help the scientific men, the administrators, and the public in deciding how the results of science should be used.

It is a great pity to find Shaw joining the reactionaries in assuming that he, a non-scientist, is competent to condemn the hard-won conclusions of the geneticists in regard to heredity, variation, evolution, and the nature of life. It is really tragic to find him asserting, in our generation, that the principle of evolution by natural selection—which he equates with "fatalism," absence of choice, and (rightly in this case) with the negation of purposive hereditary variation —"is a doctrine that no state can tolerate" and that it is "the duty of the state to control it [science] as it controls all other pursuits." Here he goes right back, along with the Soviet leadership, to the most primitive times, when the priest-king decreed the truth. And if even Shaw is so incapable of understanding the spirit,

(Continued on page 61)

Image in a Mirror

By Mae Winkler Goodman

WHAT is this image in the clouded mirror
mocking the contoured cheek the startled eyes
that pierce into themselves with less of terror
than with the sharp reluctance of surprise

seeking an answer they can never give
bridging the vision to a deeper seeing,
trying to trace a single sign of love
between the prismed and the outer being

moving beyond the flesh, the tractile mouth
whose words are glass, whose syllables are sand,
to trick some meaning from the fleeting breath
or grasp the gesture that eludes the hand

and never, never breaking through, or crossing
each into each, stripped naked to the bone
we do not recognize in the brief passing
the dim, distorted image is our own!

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Mr. Shakespeare's Earthquake

Much Ado About the Oscars

EMMET LAVERY

WHISPER it not in the streets of Ascalon and say nothing of it to the chambers of commerce. There was an earthquake in California in late March. As earthquakes go, it was a little on the subtle side. Nothing that you could measure on a seismograph and yet the effects of it are still being felt in the hills of Hollywood, to say nothing of certain precincts in New York. In fact, the rumblings still continue and the front offices shake.

One William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon is taking bows, properly enough, for a play named "Hamlet." It is, according to the majority judgment of some 1,800 members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the best motion picture of the year 1948. With this distinction goes the gold statuette that is popularly known as "Oscar" and with it also goes—oh rub of rubs—an extra gross of two million or so dollars at the box office, which the prize-winning picture usually attracts by virtue of this particular recognition.

In the words of the trade, "Hamlet" did a Truman. The victory was as unexpected as it was sweeping. It reflected great credit upon the independence of the voters but it also brought great pain to certain rivals. And, as with so many elections, the pain does not diminish with the passing of time. It only increases.

All of which will place in proper perspective the recent New York announcement of five major studios that they will no longer follow the traditional custom of underwriting the special production expenses which attend the annual balloting and annual awards program. True, a foreshadowing of this action was indicated at various times during the past year. Some restlessness of spirit, to put it mildly, was evident when this fellow Shakespeare—and his colleague Sir Laurence Olivier—were awarded special honors in the 1947 voting for the production of "Henry V." After all, there may have been some crude logic behind the idea that the companies, who stood to benefit the most from the awards, should each contribute something to the special expenses attending the presentation of the awards. But where was the logic, argued the sages, in spending all those extra dollars to build up a lot of extra revenue for someone else? Especially if the someone else happens to be a non-contributing English rival like that writer Shakespeare or his enterprising producer J. Arthur Rank?

So we come now, in the twenty-first year of the academy's existence, to the parting of the ways between the major Hollywood studios and the academy, as co-sponsors of the annual awards program. And a happy parting it is. The only cause for wonderment is that it did not happen sooner—preferably at the very beginning of the academy's existence.

This does not mean the end of the academy. On the contrary, it means an expansion and development of the academy on a completely independent level. There can be little question now that the annual awards are the free choice of the 1,800 members who represent twelve general fields of work in films. This is the moment, and a very good moment, when Oscar comes into his own. At the ripe age of twenty-one, he has shown that he is free to vote as he pleases.

How then, you will ask? If the end result is so sweet and reasonable, so devoutly to be desired, why all the public pain and anguish? Why all the charges and the counter-charges? Could not the final parting of friends have been more amiable? Perhaps. If there was any feeling of equality among the "friends." But there wasn't. In the background there was the old familiar shadow of the "employer" and "employee" relationship and that explains a lot of things. If you understand the paradox of this relationship in the Hollywood scene, everything else is incidental. It won't matter very much who threw the first punch in the trade papers or who had the last word at Romanoff's.

Laurence Olivier—with "one William Shakespeare is taking bows for a play named 'Hamlet'."

There is a quaint legal fiction in Hollywood that most creative work is the work of "employees." Yet the fact of the matter is the relationship does not work out in terms of employer and employee in actual practice. Studio contracts with writers, for instance, may aver with great solemnity that the studio is the "corporate author" of all that is written by the "employee," but this "employee," like many other "employees" among the actors, directors, cameramen, musicians, and designers, is more than just an "employee." He is, in his heart of hearts, a craftsman with some creative feeling and, when he functions in the academy, he is nobody's hired hand. He is an individual in his own right."

IT IS true that both "employers" and "employees" are represented in the academy but for quite a few years now the "employers," as such, have been a small minority. In spite of their past, and frequently generous, contributions to the expenses of the annual awards, their influence has been in proportion to their numbers rather than to their dollars.

So, in this year of grace, we find that the circle of existence has come full round for the academy. In the early days, the guilds were accustomed to protest that the academy stood a little too close to management. Today the protest of management, in private at least, is that the academy stands too close to the guilds. Oscar is a big boy now and he likes to think for himself.

Consequently, no one was surprised when, on the occasion of the twenty-first awards program, President Jean Hersholt ventured the thought that there were executives in the industry whose main desire was "to make commercial pictures, unhampered by considerations of artistic excellence" and that some of these executives were not particularly cordial to the academy and its standards. This is a theme which, with certain variations, has been heard before on this planet. Not less than twenty story conferences a day have been devoted to the topic over a period of twenty years.

The restatement of the proposition

(Continued on page 33)

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Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Newspaper Critics Vote

WHEN the editors of *SRL* published "Bogus Best Sellers" [Mar. 26] they hoped to set off a discussion of ways in which the attention of the public might legitimately be directed to current worthwhile books. As an approach in that direction, *SRL* has asked literary critics and editors of the nation's leading newspapers to list five works of fiction and five general works of the present crop—new books they enjoyed and believe are worth recommending. Responses came from thirty-one critics, representing papers in every section of the country. In all, they listed sixty-three fiction works and fifty-eight general titles; one book—"The City of the Bees," by Frank S. Stuart—was listed by two critics as a piece of fiction, by two others as a general work.

In the category of general books, Winston S. Churchill's "Their Finest Hour" was named by twenty-six critics. Other highy recommended books, though far in the rear, were Dwight D. Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe," with nine votes; Chaim Weizmann's "Trial and Error," Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins," and Thomas Merton's "The Seven Storey Mountain" with six each; Gene Fowler's "Beau James," George Bernard Shaw's "Sixteen Self Sketches," and Clyde Kluckhohn's "Mirror for Man" with five each.

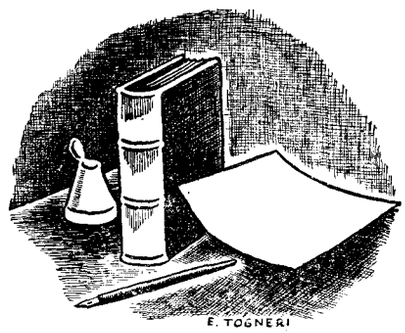
There was more diversity of opinion in the field of fiction. John P. Marquand's "Point of No Return" received twenty votes. Trailing were Elizabeth Charlotte Webster's "Ceremony of Innocence" and Elizabeth Bowen's "The Heat of the Day" with nine nominations each; Alexander Baron's "From the City, from the Plough" with eight; Hope Muntz's "The Golden Warrior" and Lajos Zilahy's "The Dukays" with seven each; Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and Robert K. Marshall's "Little Squire Jim" with five each.

The complete lists follow:

J. F. Rothermel, *Birmingham News Age Herald*

General

"Roosevelt and Hopkins," by Robert E. Sherwood (Harper).
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).
"Notes Toward the Definition of Culture," by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt).
"No Place to Hide," by David Bradley (Little, Brown).
"Death Be Not Proud," by John Gunther (Harper).



Fiction

"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer (Rinehart).
"Double Muscadine," by Frances Gaither (Macmillan).
"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf).
"Hound-Dog Man," by Fred Gipson (Harper).
"Little Squire Jim," by Robert K. Marshall (Duell).

Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald*

General

"I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth Roberts (to be published April 20 by Doubleday).
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"There's Freedom for the Brave," by Paul McGuire (Morrow).
"The Great Pierpont Morgan," by Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper).
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler (Viking).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown).
"Kinfolk," by Pearl S. Buck (to be published April 21 by John Day).
"Prairie Avenue," by Arthur Meeker (Knopf).
"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," by Alfred Hayes (Harper).
"The Well of the Past," by Charles Norman (to be published April 21 by Doubleday).

Van Allen Bradley, *Chicago Daily News*

General

"Days with Bernard Shaw," by Stephen Winsten (Vanguard).
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell).
"The Universe and Dr. Einstein," by Lincoln Barnett (Sloane).
"The Limits of Art," edited by Huntington Cairns (Pantheon).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Elephant and Castle," by R. C. Hutchinson (Rinehart).
"The Road Between," by James T. Farrell (Vanguard).
"The Sisters," by Anne Meredith (Random).
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster (Harcourt).

Emmett Dedmon, *Chicago Sun Times*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Fear, War, and the Bomb," by P. M. S. Blackett (Whittlesey).
"The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton (Harcourt).
"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower (Doubleday).
"Trial and Error," by Chaim Weizmann (Harper).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen.
"The Lion Tamer and Other Stories," by Bryan McMahon (Dutton).
"Remembrance Rock," by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt).
"The Big Fisherman," by Lloyd C. Douglas (Houghton Mifflin).

Frederick Babcock, *Chicago Tribune*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Sixteen Self Sketches," by George Bernard Shaw (Dodd, Mead).
"Days with Bernard Shaw," by Stephen Winsten.
"A Dreamer's Journey," by Morris R. Cohen (Beacon).
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Prairie Avenue," by Arthur Meeker (to be published April 25 by Knopf).
"The God-Seeker," by Sinclair Lewis (Random).
"Little Squire Jim," by Robert K. Marshall (Duell).
"From the City, from the Plough," by Alexander Baron (Washburn).

Book Editor, *Christian Science Monitor*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Roosevelt and Hopkins," by Robert E. Sherwood (Harper).
"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.
"Out of Exile," by Soetan Sjahrirs (John Day).
"The Universe and Dr. Einstein," by Lincoln Barnett (Sloane).

Fiction

"Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton (Scribner's).
"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz (Scribner's).
"From the City, from the Plough," by Alexander Baron.
"The Springs," by Anne Goodwin Winslow (Knopf).
"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen.

Frederick Yeiser, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

General

"Journals of André Gide," Vol. III (Knopf).
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Poets and Story-Tellers," by David Cecil (Macmillan).

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"The Limits of Art," edited by Huntington Cairns.
"No Place to Hide," by David Bradley.

Fiction

"The City of the Bees," by Frank S. Stuart (Whittlesey).
"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen.
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Descent Into Hell," by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"Watch the Northwind Rise," by Robert Graves (Creative Age).

Frank O'Neill, *Cleveland News*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.
"Paths to the Present," by Arthur M. Schlesinger (Macmillan).
"Sixteen Self Sketches," by George Bernard Shaw.
"Mirror for Man," by Clyde Kluckhohn (Whittlesey).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Elephant and Castle," by R. C. Hutchinson.
"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz.
"There Is No Armour," by Howard Spring (Harper).
"City of the Bees," by Frank S. Stuart.

Robert Snajdr, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Mirror for Man," by Clyde Kluckhohn.
"Paths to the Present," by Arthur M. Schlesinger.
"Freedom of Information," by Herbert Brucker (Macmillan).
"In Anger and Pity," by Robert Magidoff (Doubleday).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"A Wreath of Roses," by Elizabeth Taylor (Knopf).
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.
"Little Squire Jim," by Robert K. Marshall.
"The Slender Reed," by H. H. Lynde (Crown).

Lon Tinkle, *Dallas Morning News*

General

"Letters of Marcel Proust" (Random).
"Journals of André Gide," Vol. III.
"Mirror for Man," by Clyde Kluckhohn.
"Sixteen Self Sketches," by Bernard Shaw.
"Trial and Error," by Chaim Weizmann.

Fiction

"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen.
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"A Tree of Night," by Truman Capote (Random).
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.
"The Moment of Truth," by Storm Jameson (Macmillan).

Clyde Beck, *Detroit News*

General

"John C. Calhoun: Nullifier," by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Trial and Error," by Chaim Weizmann.
"The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," by John Dickson Carr (Harper).
"Garrick," by Margaret Barton (Macmillan).
"Inishfallen, Fare Thee Well," by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"From the City, from the Plough," by Alexander Baron.
"Some Trust in Chariots," by Jack Jones (Sloane).
"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy (Prentice-Hall).
"The Grand Design," by John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin).

Will Vance, *Hartford Courant*

General

"The Greatest Story Ever Told," by Fulton Oursler (Doubleday).
"The City of the Bees," by Frank S. Stuart.
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.
"Irma and the Hermit," by Irma Pennant Materi (Norton).
"My House Is Yours," by Elsa Larralde (Lippincott).

Fiction

"The Moment of Truth," by Storm Jameson.
"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz.
"Return to Vienna," by Ernst Lothar (Doubleday).
"Descent Into Hell," by Charles Williams.
"The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea (to be published April 20 by Little, Brown).

Paul Jordan-Smith, *Los Angeles Times*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"John C. Calhoun: Nullifier," by Charles M. Wiltse.
"To Hell and Back," by Audie Murphy (Holt).
"There's Freedom for the Brave," by Paul McGuire.
"Over the Reefs and Far Away," by Robert Gibbings (Dutton).

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"The Chain," by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday).
"Hound-Dog Man," by Fred Gipson (Harper).
"Little Squire Jim," by Robert K. Marshall.
"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy.

August Derleth, *Madison [Wisconsin] Capital Times*

General

"Journals of André Gide," Vol. III.
"Notes Toward the Definition of Culture," by T. S. Eliot.
"Seeds of Contemplation," by Thomas Merton (New Directions).
"Paths to the Present," by Arthur M. Schlesinger.
"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (to be published April 21 by Sloane).

Fiction

"A Tree of Night," by Truman Capote.
"The Lottery," by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus).
"The Portable Sherwood Anderson" (Viking).
"Elephant and Castle," by R. C. Hutchinson.
"Descent Into Hell," by Charles Williams.

Paul Flowers, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*

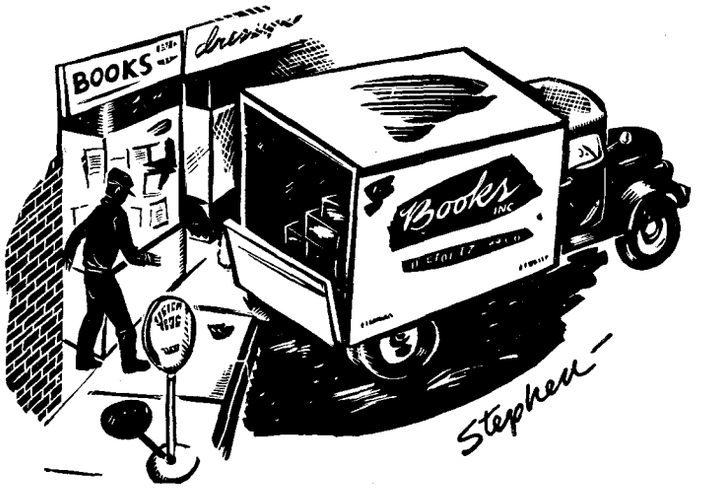
General

"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
"Dry Messiah," by Virginius Dabney (Knopf).
"The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton.

Fiction

"Intruder in the Dust," by William Faulkner (Random).
"Double Muscadine," by Frances Gaither.

(Continued on page 59)



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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Gay Nineties

WAS IT GAY, was it glamorous, that incomparable decade?

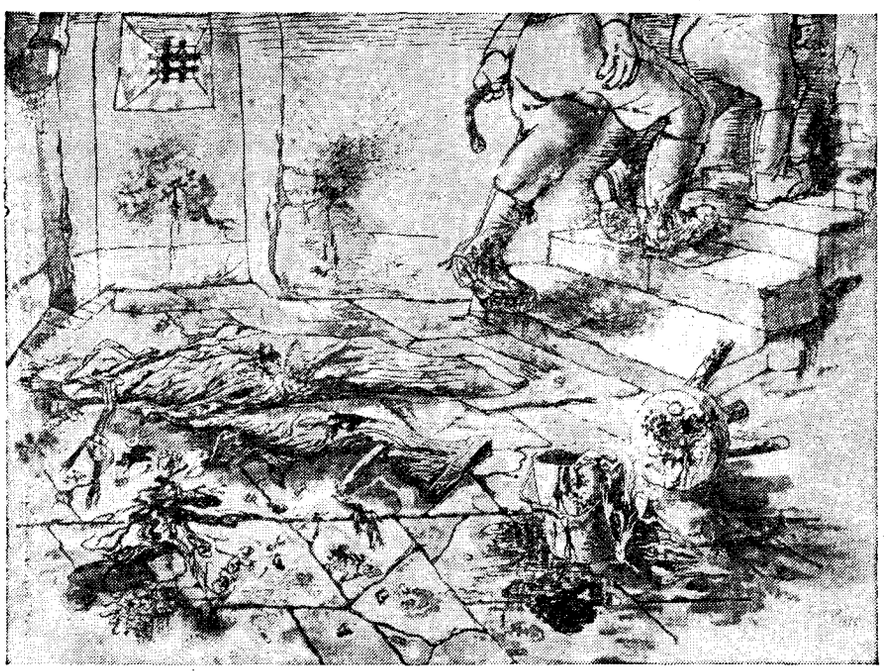
One could, reflected Mrs. Danforth, certainly compare it with the Christmas tree, hung as it was with all those glittering balls and bells and baubles. Here on its branches were those thousands of parlormaids, chambermaids, waitresses, the black habits, the snow-white caps, the snow-white aprons; here were the regiments of coachmen in their handsome liveries, the little footmen holding the lap-robes, carrying the packages; here were the butlers opening the doors, the vistas—lighted rooms with tea trays coming in; and here, behold, were other neighborhoods—that one so seldom mentioned. . . . Here were Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady and the dance-halls in the Bowery, here were the ladies one recognized but never bowed to; here was a great deal that was not spoken of, but, when one came to think about it, pretty well understood and very much on display, what with all the feathers and the flounces and the petticoats and corset laces, the chorus girls and Daly's and Delmonico's and the Peacock Alley at the Waldorf; here were the belles and the beauties and the Gibson Girls and the Bradley Martin Ball. Here, too, was Mamma; here was Papa; here were his business associates, his cronies, their seals and their gold watches, their cravat pins and excellent cigars, their polished boots and their cutaway coats and Prince Alberts, their top hats, their opera hats and capes, the fabulous costumes in which they drove their four-in-hands up and down the Avenue, their boxes at the opera, their yachts and yachting caps, their country estates and blooded cattle.

—*From "The Christmas Tree," by Isabel Bolton (Scribner's).*

Imperialist Dream

AMERICAN policy in Japan is based on the assumption that as Japan goes, so Asia can be made to go. The first link in the chain of assumption is that Japan can be made the workshop of Asia and a bulwark against Russia. This assumption is based on the marvelous theory that Japan, as an instrument of American policy, combines all the virtues of Britain, Germany, and the Kingdom of Nepal. Like Britain, it is to be used as a stationary aircraft carrier. Like Germany, it is superior in industrial development to all the countries near it, and therefore like Germany it is to be made the center from which the industrial development of the mainland near it is co-ordinated, controlled, and oriented against Russia. Like the Kingdom of Nepal, which is independent of India and furnishes fierce mercenary Gurkha warriors to both India and Britain, the "naturally disciplined" people of Japan, who are "traditionally anti-Russian," are expected, as time goes on, to furnish tough colonial legions of a new kind which, having no politics of their own, will be solidly loyal to the America which supports their homeland "workshop."

—*From "The Situation in Asia," by Owen Lattimore (Little, Brown).*



—*From "George Grosz" (Paul L. Baruch, Inc.).*

"After the Questioning," by George Grosz.

Man's Fate

SMALL WONDER THAT, with the atomic bomb to stimulate the sluggish imagination of man, more and more men recognized that the choice lay between world government and World War Three. The small number who had pleaded for it in the Long Armistice or during World War Two had been denounced as crackpots for their pains. The bomb destroyed that accusation, along with the women and children of Hiroshima. Many agreed with Toynbee that there would be world government soon in any case, either by war and conquest, establishing world despotism, or by the free and deliberate choice of the peoples of the world, who would set up a common government as the thirteen colonies had set up a common government. By 1949 there was widespread public discussion of how to set up a federal world republic.

—*From "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr (to be published by Harcourt, Brace this summer).*

First Love

THERE WAS A TABLE in front of her with a lamp on it which cast its light on her book and her face. I, sitting beside and below her, saw her illuminated and almost in profile. I looked at her for the first time as I listened. I don't know which I did more thirstily—looked or listened. It suddenly dawned upon me that this was beauty—great beauty—a thing I had read of and heard of without understanding, a thing I had passed by perhaps a hundred times with careless, unseeing eyes. Pretty girls I had seen, lovely girls, no doubt, but I had never paid much conscious attention to their looks, never been particularly interested in them. But this was something different. No, it was not different. It

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was merely being awakened to something for the first time—physical beauty. I was never blind to it again. . . .

What a strange relationship exists between the reader and his listener. What an extraordinary breaking down of barriers. The listener is suddenly given the freedom of a city at whose gates he would never have dreamt of knocking. He may enter forbidden precincts. He may communicate at the most sacred altars with a soul he has never dared, never will dare approach, watch without fear or shame, a spirit that has dropped its arms, its veils, its prudences, its reserves. He who is not beloved may gaze and hearken and learn at last what nothing else will ever reveal to him and what he longs to know even at the cost of life itself—how the beloved face is moved by passion, how scorn sits upon those features, and anger and love. How the beloved's voice softens, and trembles into tenderness or breaks in the anguish of jealousy and grief.

—*From "Olivia" by Olivia (Sloane).*

Walker on Censorship

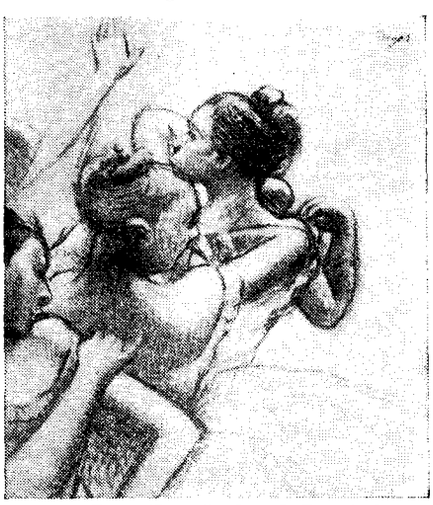
MUCH has been written of Jim's quick knockout of John S. Sumner, whom Louis Sobol has called "the protector of the virtue of New York." Although Jim was a foe of smut, he believed that the creative artist should be kept free from the muzzles of bigotry.

A group of up-state Republicans spoke in favor of John S. Sumner's offspring, the so-called Clean Books Bill. Several New York City Democrats also favored its passage. Pages from the books of D. H. Lawrence were read to the solons, several of whom rose to speak about the protection of womanhood and the home from ruinous prose.

Thereupon Jim got up. "I have heard with great interest the addresses of the gentlemen on the other side," he said, "and I have the utmost respect for what they have said. But I submit, gentlemen, that they are either naive or confused. Why all this talk about womanhood? I have never yet heard of a girl being ruined by a book."

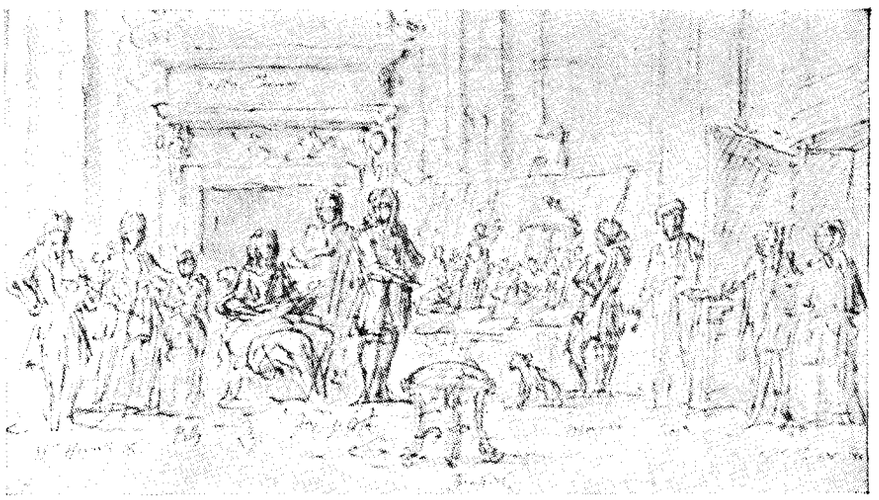
The Clean Books Bill collapsed.

—*From "Beau James: The Life and Times of Jimmy Walker" by Gene Fowler (Viking).*



—*From "Degas" (Paul L. Baruch, Inc.).*

"Group of Dancers," by Degas.



—*From "The Drawings of William Hogarth." (Phaidon Publishers, Inc.).*

"The Thornhill Family with Hogarth and Others."

Deathless Fidelity

BUT EVEN THE realization of what the blizzard had been was gone now, for as Fennington leaned to affix the skis to the irons of his boots, the sunlight ran like tepid water over his naked shoulders and back. A week ago, the wind and the snow had driven hard against the barracks windows, and for a long while Henson had talked across the intervening bunks to Fennington, drawing the words out of some deep annihilation as dream-ridden and unfathomable as the annihilation of sleep, but it was not sleep. The words that had drifted to the surface and moved on the current of men's slow breathing as they slept in the barracks' dark had taken on the quality of prayer, of devout and tortured reverence to a bar girl called Augusta, who had restored him to honor, and whose pure image he would never cease to serve and love. That night he had loved her because of her fidelity, and it was this that Henson had whispered across the darkness to Fennington. "One woman who believes in one man, and in her life with him," he whispered; but this, even this, had altered as the night wore on. The wind had whined like a famished dog, slinking from window to door, and "if the worst came to pass, and that man, her husband, were to meet his death in Italy, then what? then what?" the words had begun in the dark. "Would she be able to forget him, and how long would it take? In time, would she recover?" Henson had whispered out of his devotion to her. "In time, would she be able to turn to another man, to one who loved her with the same deathless fidelity?"

—*From "His Human Majesty" by Kay Boyle (Whittlesey).*

Americans and Europeans

THE UNCOUNTED and generally ignored political blessings of American citizens are as great as they are rare in many parts of Europe. Once slavery was abolished, our nation had no feudal abuses and no feudal hierarchy of aristocrats, Army, and church. The numbers of our seriously exploited workers have always been very much less than in most European countries; therefore anarchist organizations have been almost unknown here, while syndicalism and Communism have made little progress numerically. Our middle-class country has also had no constant fears of outside aggression, and until today no excessive drainage of our national wealth by the obligatory maintenance of large armed forces. Finally, because the United States was so big in space, so rich in resources, and so relatively underdeveloped, its people had slight occasion to feel prolonged economic insecurity. That is something entirely new to us, while it has been a constant problem and menace to a legion of Europeans. Not until 1929, in fact, did American citizens have reason to become seriously concerned about abuses and contradictions within their free-enterprise system.

On most counts the exact opposite was true for most Europeans. They were exposed to far greater insecurities. They could not win a rich and wonderful array of basic freedoms in the space of a single decade, as hap-

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pened in the American colonies by the grace of Providence. Europe's racial and national groups were compelled to fight for generations, often for centuries, to achieve even a few of our essential freedoms. Here and there they won a bit, and lost again; and then lost more. In more than half of the Old World they have now lost out once more. And even in western Europe none of the citizens of any country possess opportunities and privileges remotely comparable to ours.

—*From "Target You," by Leland Stowe (Knopf).*

Dedication

HE CLOSED his eyes but sleep would not come.

The fiestas in the gardens of San Marcos. It was long ago. He saw the blue flowers on the jacaranda trees against the blue sky. He smelled the springtime and felt the new green leaves in the garden where the music played. He saw the blue dusk settling upon the streets of Aguascalientes during carnival time in the spring, and the people all walking and laughing to the gardens where the colored lanterns began to glow beneath the darkening trees while the music played. He saw the girls again, walking arm in arm and smiling, with the fiestas in their eyes and confetti caught in their hair, in the lantern light with the music playing in the hubbub of the crowd. Oh, those were the fiestas in the spring at the gardens of San Marcos! He saw the slender girl again walking in the light and he heard her say her name was Barbara and he felt her move and sway when they danced. He could see her smile when the guitars played "Maria Elean." In the spring of the year.

The bullring in the fall that year, there at San Marcos by the fiesta grounds. How he dedicated the first bull. The first pertaining to Luis Bello, Matador de Toros. "To thee, Barbara, I dedicate this bull." How many hundred bulls and dedications since then! How he killed the first one for her and how they carried him from the ring on their shoulders, and he saw her smile at him that night.

* * *

AFTER THREE seasons as a novillero, and many leavetakings from Guerreras, there were still scenes. His mother always wept and asked, asked him why he fought bulls, why he could not stay home and enter some nice business, her baby who had been to school, who had been the object of her hopes, who was so promising, whom she loved so much, prayed for so much.

"Pardon My Glove," by Meyer Liebowitz.

—Photographs from "The Great Pictures 1949." (To be published in May by Greenberg Publisher.).

"Study in Agony," by John Crivelli.

It was always awkward and he never knew what to do about it. So he would always stand there until she had no more words, and then he would put his hand on her shoulder and kiss her on the forehead and tell her everything was fine, not to cry.

He couldn't explain it to his mother, why he fought bulls. He couldn't explain it to anybody. Besides, an explanation wouldn't do anybody any good. It was a fever, and he had it. It was not namable, thought Pepe Bello. The fame didn't explain it; neither did the money. It came from deep down. It made men want to fight bulls the way other men had to climb high mountains or shoot bears or paint naked women. But he would not say that to his mother. In the first place, she would not believe it. So he kissed her goodbye saying everything was fine; when he climbed in Loco's car at last, he felt better. He felt just like Luis lighting a cigar.

"Let's go," he said.

—*From "The Brave Bulls," by Tom Lea (to be published by Little, Brown. April 20).*

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U. S. A. *It is ironical, although perhaps not unexpected, that while intellectual circles during the 1920's had fun berating the American scene as colorless and stultifying, citizens of the 1940's find that era vastly fascinating and amusing. Last week we reviewed Gene Fowler's entertaining life of New York's Mayor Walker, "Beau James." This week arrives an excellent portrait of another phenomenon of the period, a man whose strange qualities made him one of its most characteristic figures: Bishop James Cannon, subject of Virginius Dabney's "Dry Messiah." . . . Today, as in the times of De Tocqueville, Harriet Martineau, and James Bryce, the USA continues to engage the interest of intelligent Europeans. In "American Themes," reviewed below, a perceptive Scot, D. W. Brogan, records some observations about us that should interest readers on the west side of the Atlantic as much as those on the eastern.*

Bishop Cannon's Law and Gospel

DRY MESSIAH: The Life of Bishop James Cannon, Jr. By Virginius Dabney. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 353 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HERBERT ASBURY

BISHOP JAMES CANNON, JR., of the Methodist Church, was one of the principal leaders of the Prohibition movement, and a shining ornament of the era when, as Mr. Dabney puts it, "ecclesiastical edicts were being widely translated into statutory enactments, and even into organic law." For some ten years the Bishop was by far the most powerful ecclesiastic in the United States; in fact, there was probably no one, secular or clerical, whose words carried more weight or whose commands were more quickly obeyed by the politicians. Everything he said or did was front-page stuff for the newspapers. He was greatly honored by his church, he was high in the councils of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and he was venerated by hundreds of thousands of ardent drys, who hailed him as the great leader of America's moral forces. His pronouncements, no matter how weirdly irresponsible or fantastically untrue, were the Law and the Gospel, and anyone who disputed him was immediately recognized by his legion of admirers as a minion of the liquor interests or the Catholic Church.

But there was another side to the good Bishop, and enough of it became known in his latter years to set him back on his holy heels. It is all set down, much of it for the first time, in this penetrating study by a distinguished Southern editor and Pulitzer Prize winner. The part that Bishop Cannon played in putting over the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act is pretty well known, and the facts are available for anyone who cares to look them up. Mr. Dabney goes into them in detail, but he also gives us, slyly, ironically, and without rancor, the lowdown on the Bishop's fascinating private life. What a man! He appears clearly in Mr. Dabney's pages as one of the outstanding hypocrites in American religious history, a holy scalawag who consistently practised the iniquities which he righteously and thunderously denied to others. Mr. Dabney has obviously had access to a great deal of very colorful and hitherto unpublished material, and he has made the best possible use of it. It seems to me that having won one Pulitzer prize, he now stands an excellent chance of another.

One of Bishop Cannon's pet hates was Sunday newspapers—and he was the principal owner of a paper which published a Sunday edition. He posed as the champion of personal honesty —and falsified his income-tax returns. He crusaded against gambling as being destructive to the soul—and was an avid speculator in New York bucketshops. He preached tolerance and brotherly love, but it was he who raised the religious issue when Al Smith ran for President in 1928; it was he who industriously spread the rumor that if Smith was elected the East Wing of the White House would be turned over to the Pope. He was engaged in scores of financial transactions which were dubious, to say the least. He railed against tobacco and Coca-Cola, but kept silent when James B. Duke and Asa G. Candler gave millions to church institutions. He was accused of mishandling campaign funds, and on this account was tried for conspiracy and miraculously acquitted. As chairman of the Committee on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches, he devoutly upheld the sanctity of the

THE AUTHOR: Bishop Cannon sued many newspapers in his hey-day, but he never tackled the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. "Maybe," suggests Editor Virginius Dabney pleasantly, "he thought we had too much on him." A lot of Dabney's dossier on the "Dry Messiah" was garnered twenty years ago while he was still reporting for the *Richmond News Leader*. Meanwhile he has written "Liberalism in the South" and "Below the Potomac," contributed to *The New York Times*, the London *Economist*, the Dictionary of American Biography, and various national magazines, besides having "had quite a few run-ins with the political brethren"—editorially. "A newspaper editor," he feels, "is in a much better position to criticize persons and events if he steers clear of political office himself . . . I would be perfectly miserable running anyway." Although less disposed to extended Federal authority now than he was from 1933-45, he thinks it important not to let states' rights smoke-screen civil rights. His most sensational response to a single editorial followed a suggestion in 1943 that segregation be abolished on Richmond street cars and buses. The widest comment was elicited by his prophetic series on Munich in 1938, and last year he won the Pulitzer Prize for his 1947 editorials, which, among other progressive planks, whacked the South's single-party system and poll tax. "I take special satisfaction," he adds, "in having won, in 1941, with the indispensable aid of an almost equally antique partner, all doubles matches for the Country Club of Virginia Tennis Team." His family has been Southern since 1630-something. In 1835 his great-grandfather in affection for the Old Dominion christened his son Virginius, whose name Mr. Dabney bears. Intimates call him "V." He enjoys reading, writing, and puttering in his yard, and, no thanks to the Cannons, a little bourbon and branch water. —R. G.

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marriage relation and pleaded for sexual morality. Yet the elders of his own church accused him of adultery, and several times he narrowly escaped trial before a Methodist tribunal. The church authorities also accused him of lying. And so it went. The truth seems to be that if the Bishop had possessed a little less influence he would have wound up in jail.

One of the reasons why Bishop Cannon was able to get away with so many of these shenanigans was that he could holler a little louder than anybody else. If charges were hurled at him, he hurled them right back, embroidered with untruths, half-truths, and vicious invective. Nearly always he succeeded in putting his critics on the defensive. He sued everybody in sight, especially newspapers, but it soon became apparent that he simply hoped to get a little money out of somebody. He had a great craving for ready cash. He would sue a newspaper for several million dollars, and then settle for a little less than it would cost the paper to defend the action. For instance, he filed suits totalling $7,500,000 against the Hearst newspapers, and settled for less than $5,000. He sued papers in Macon and Atlanta, Georgia, for several hundred thousands dollars and settled for $1,000. If a newspaper indicated that it would fight, the suit was immediately withdrawn. He talked constantly of suing various Catholic papers, but never did.

In the end Bishop Cannon was a discredited, vindictive old man without the fortune he had hoped to amass; he spent his time writing querulous letters to the newspapers. His death in 1944 aroused mild interest in Virginia, where he had dominated the political scene for many years, but as Mr. Dabney says, "in the country at large it was received with something approaching a yawn."

Herbert Asbury, author of "Up from Methodism," "The Gangs of New York," and other books, is now at work on "The Wild Years: An Informal History of Prohibition" to be published next autumn by Doubleday.

Worldly Eyes on Us

AMERICAN THEMES. By D. W. Brogan. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 284 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

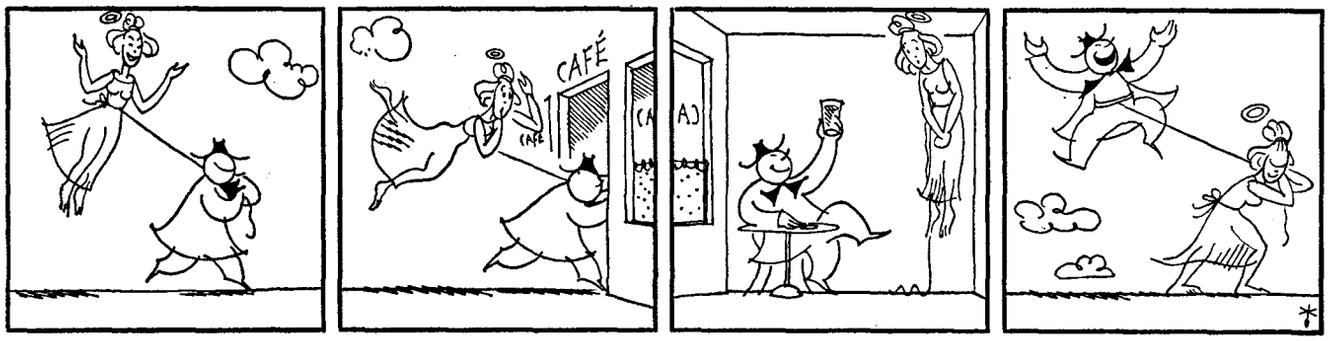
A PROMINENT Washingtonian tells of a dinner party he once gave Mr. Brogan, inviting a dozen men of high distinction. Mr. Brogan was placed between a Supreme Court Justice and Senator Vandenberg. Everybody expectantly awaited his opening gambit. It was perfect. "Senator," he asked, "what's the matter with your Detroit Tigers? Lawson has let his batting average slip to .694!" This was the true Brogan touch. Of all the scholar-journalists of our time, he is the most cosmopolitan. This Scot from Glasgow knows France better than the French, England better than the English, and America a great deal better than ninety-nine in a hundred Americans.

No one can read this collection of forty fugitive pieces without delight in its wit and profit from its expertness. The wit is of a peculiar type: urbane, of course, and kindly; but achieving its best effects in true Attic fashion, by an implied juxtaposition of American ways with world ways, so that we suddenly see amusing incongruities and novelties in our national scene. Mr. Brogan is very keen-eyed about everything from Hollywood to Harlem, and much of his wit consists in putting our institutions in unexpected perspectives.

As for his expertness, that also has a special quality. We are familiar with the journalists who know the contemporaneous scene thoroughly: the best sellers, the latest political gossip, the song hits, the Dorothy Parker story about the Yale Prom, the earnings of *Look*, the reasons why Mr. Ickes hates a governor of the Federal Reserve, and the characters in the leading soap operas. We are familiar also with scholars who know the long background of American history, political, social, and economic. The twain seldom meet. But they are fused in Mr. Brogan, who can quote Cole Porter on the four-letter words, and can also give in a crisp sentence the two main historical factors which produced the literary flowering of New England. He knows all about Joe Louis (more than you or I do), but he is equally well informed on Crispus Attucks and Booker T. Washington. He can talk about the latest gangster and descant upon Louis Brandeis's great brief in *Muller vs. Oregon*.

But the electric scintillation of this book is not by any means attributable chiefly to Mr. Brogan's wit or his erudition. It derives primarily from his conviction that American life is tremendously exciting; that as a pageant, full of color and energy, it is richly exhilarating. The variety of these periodical essays is a reflection of the variety of the United States itself. Mr. Brogan deals in one paper with the American language (correcting even Mr. Mencken on certain points), and in another with the cultural decline of Boston. He turns from a penetrating page on our radio programs to an incisive estimate of the philosophies of William James and Josiah Royce. He moves from an examination of the inequalities of Scott Fitzgerald to a note on the governmental philosophy of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He gives his opinion (in every instance worth considering) of the American Constitution, the American detective story, and the American aristocracy. In a series of longer essays he discusses Tom Paine, Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Lincoln. And because all this is tremendously stimulating to him, because he sees the United States growing into a civilization of weight, beauty, and interest, he makes his magazine and newspaper contributions stimulating.

What dissatisfaction we feel with this book is in its way a compliment to Mr. Brogan. It is too hurried, too hectic, to do his talents as observer



"Poet and Muse."

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and critic full justice. Forty pages in 280 pages give him an average of seven pages to each essay, and that is inadequate. He is at his best in the longer studies in this volume, where he sits down and has his talk out; in his articles on the Adams family, on Tom Paine, on General Jackson, and on "The Enigma of Abraham Lincoln." We might add a special word for the lively pages on "The Dilemma of the American Rich," which tells our business magnates what they must do if they are really to save the country from "radicalism." The first and almost the last rule, says Mr. Brogan, "is that the rulers must deliver the goods, that they must share some of the winnings of the game with their clients, with the great mass of the American people, and that these winnings must be absolutely more than any rival system can plausibly promise."

A stimulating appendage, this, to Mr. Brogan's volume on "The American Character" — and something more than an appendage.

Honey and Gold

SIERRA-NEVADA LAKES. By George and Bliss Hinkle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1949. 383 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

PROBABLY none of the ten books in the American Lakes Series has dealt with lakes so likely to bring a blank look when their names are mentioned as "Sierra-Nevada Lakes." You in the back row, where is Honey Lake or Meadow Lake, Webber or Mono? Tahoe, Pyramid, and Donner have a more familiar sound, but where is Gold Lake?—a question, for that matter, which exasperated Forty-niners would have paid high to be able to answer. The lakes that make up the theme of this book lie mostly on the Great Basin side of the Sierra crest, some of them in California, some of them in Nevada, where almost all of them would lie had Congress in 1850 known anything about Western geography, or had California in 1862 been a little less avaricious of tax dollars. Though they extend north and south for hundreds of miles, these lakes maintained by the eastward drainage from the Sierra Nevada make up a mosaic that fits together as a closely unified and engrossing story.

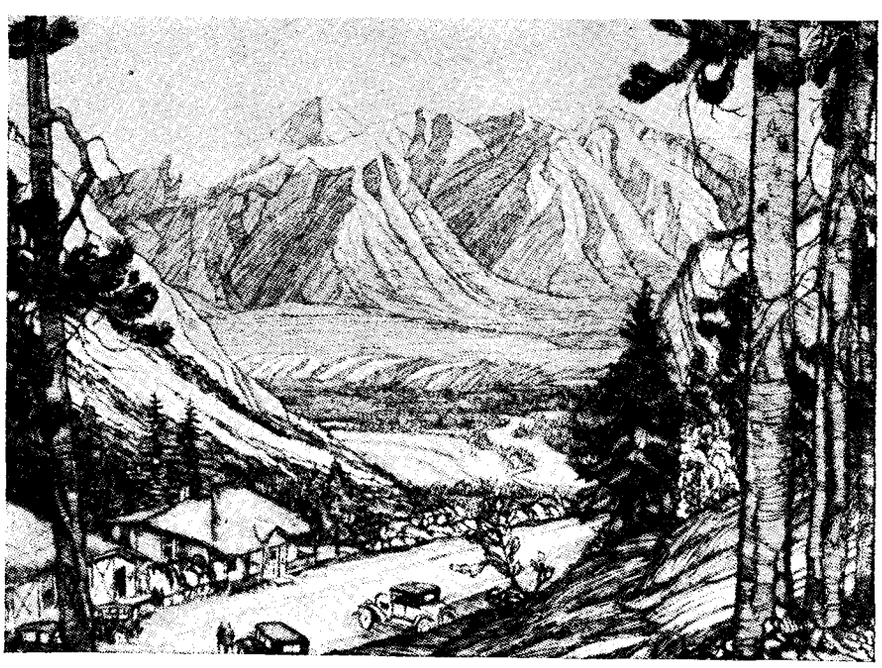
The opening chapters are certainly the least satisfying. The account of Frémont's explorations south out of Oregon in the winter of 1843-44 makes too much, as a literary device, of his mountain howitzer, abandoned finally in the mountains and argued about ever since. The discussion of the first immigrants who came up the Truckee and over Donner Pass, in 1844-45, is also perfunctory.

Beginning with the chapter on Gold Lake, that legend which had an incredible power to humbug even a race of men foredoomed to humbuggery, the book picks up in freshness, color, and pace; I'll be surprised if some readers don't hightail it out to California this summer to look into this Gold Lake thing themselves. The Hinkles are quite as good when they move across the mountains to Honey Lake, where Isaac Roop and Peter Lassen settled in the mid-Fifties. Like many another Great Basin playa, Honey Lake has come and gone over the years, but its first settlers stuck, lake or no lake. It took some doing to build up a population, a situation epitomized by the bitter lament of one resident after the departure of an immigrant one morning with his wife and two daughters, "Why in God's name can't some of the women stop here?" But those rugged individualists, the Honey Lakers, stuck nevertheless; it is characteristic of their independence that, despite being in reality Californians, no thanks to Act of Congress or God, they set up the first proto-Nevada territorial government.

Leaving Honey Lake reluctantly, the story moves over a divide to Pyramid Lake, final repository for the waste waters of Lake Tahoe, and strangely beautiful scene of two bloody combats with the Paiutes in 1860, before wandering south along the base of the Sierra to Walker and Mono lakes. Walker is strongly saline, but far more so is Mono, its waters heavily charged with sodium carbonate, lime carbonate, salt, and borax. These are strange, wild, lovely lakes; and between them bounded up two of the West's most fabulous mining camps, Aurora and Bodie ("Goodbye, God, I'm going to Bodie.").

By now the Comstock was booming farther north, and thus Tahoe is drawn into this panoramic story. Tahoe had been strangely neglected to this time, the main streams of immigrant travel passing it on either side, but the Comstock's rapacious demand for mine timber opened up the Tahoe country and so involved it in the life and times of the farther West as to require four chapters in description. The telling of this story is beset with technical difficulties and not brought off with complete success, perhaps (especially the serial account of Truckee). Moreover, Dr. and Mrs. Hinkle have too far subdued the emotions that surcharge and give meaning to Tahoe's story of recent years—the anguished need of the desert West for that water without which it perishes, set against the passionate and high resolve of many Westerners that matchless scenic treasures shall not be destroyed for merely utilitarian values. As almost nowhere else, Tahoe epitomizes this conflict that will forever rage in the West's own soul.

You in the back row: If you want to know about Webber and Meadow lakes, go buy the book.



"Mountain Valley," by Roi Partridge.

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Fiction. *Among the books we review below are four which the critics of the nation's leading newspapers have singled out from the season's crop as particularly meriting the average reader's attention. (For the complete list, see page 14.) Robert K. Marshall's "Little Squire Jim" is a Carolina folktale which, our reviewer feels, "restores one's faith in contemporary American fiction." Graham Greene's "Nineteen Stories" is a collection of pieces from a skilled British hand that run the gamut, from miscarriages to minor masterpieces. Isabel Bolton's "The Christmas Tree" is a beautifully written, if not completely realized, excursion into the world of the neurotic. Shirley Barker's "Peace, My Daughters" is that rare article, an historical novel of high merit, dealing with the Salem witchcraft mania. . . . Aficionados of the short story will find entertainment and instruction in Christopher La Farge's "All Sorts and Kinds."*

Last Stand for Natural Man

LITTLE SQUIRE JIM. By Robert K. Marshall. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1949. 255 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by VICTOR P. HASS

FOLKTALES of surpassing merit are seldom come by in these days when the sex and sadism novels predominate. But here is a folktale that revives one's faith in contemporary American fiction. It is a story of extraordinary vitality and of depth sufficient to invite the attention of the most discerning of fiction readers.

Robert Marshall has caught the pulse of the people—it is difficult to think of them as "characters"—who live in these pages. They are the folk who inhabit the remote reaches of North Carolina's mountains.

So long as the Boydens, McVays, Umbargers, Montgomeries, Hollisters, and Tottens continue to live and breed in their isolated valleys there will remain a redoubt where all Americans who would be beholden to nobody can find a refuge for the spirit if not for the body. In that redoubt personal dignity is still one of the most precious possessions of man.

Basically, Mr. Marshall's novel is the saga of the "natural" man in his last stand. In "Little Squire Jim," the protagonist, this man, lives free and strong for a few brief years and then is cut down by a civilization so complex that it can neither understand nor condone his direct approach to life.

Jim died before his time and there is something majestic in the way he lay on his bed and invited death and then accepted it calmly and gratefully. He was still young, still physically powerful. But the hung jury that had saved him from the gas chamber for the accidental slaying of a man had stripped him of both honor and dignity. Bereft of these, he had no reason for living.

Jim was a Boyden and the mountaineers worshipped the Boydens. They were the perfect flowering of a great breed—godlike men who lived violently and invariably died the same way. They were fey, these Boyden men, and even in the 1940's they looked like they were meant to wear the plumes of the cavaliers. Little Squire Jim was the handsomest and most lovable of them all.

That is why the folk of Little Stepper Valley and the valleys near it turned up in sleepy Tatesboro for Jim's murder trial. It explained, too, why they kept his great stallion saddled and ready for him on the courthouse lawn: if he didn't escape the gas chamber one way he was going to escape it another.

The story of the trial, with most of the book a flashback to the events that had brought Jim to that courtroom, has the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. Here is natural man hopelessly entangled in legalistic machinery that he only vaguely understands and cannot fight. And, in the end, it is no consolation to Jim that he is saved by the very machinery that had drained honor and dignity from him. The death of his stallion, shot down as it stormed the citadel in which his master was held, meant more to him than the hung jury.

Mr. Marshall has dealt superbly with these people he so obviously loves. Jim is drawn something more than life size, as is fitting in a folktale, but the lesser characters are drawn to normal scale even though their tremendous vitality makes them measure up to Jim. In Annie Umbarger, the herb woman, Mr. Marshall has created a woman who alone could have made his novel memorable. In her he has integrated all the wealth of superstition, common sense, granite integrity, and Elizabethan undertones of language of a people who have never forgotten why their ancestors came to the New World.

Here, unquestionably, is a striking first novel.

Victor P. Hass is literary editor of the Omaha, Nebraska, World-Herald.

—*Olof Carlson.*

"Robert K. Marshall has created a woman who alone could have made his novel memorable."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 303

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 303 will be found in the next issue.

ZYXW X VXT SRQP, TRW ZYXW YQ OQQNP, WYMTLP, RK JQNMQHQP, MP WYQ GTMHQKPXN FXKSPWMEL RO JQYXHMRK.

J. E. NQQVMTC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 302

Great boldness is seldom without some absurdity.

—FRANCIS BACON.

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Handout for Posterity

NINETEEN STORIES. By Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

GRAHAM GREENE is a writer whose novels have been received with increasing critical seriousness, while his so-called "entertainments," which include such tales as "The Ministry of Fear," have won great popularity. He has been accepted as a master in the fictional study of evil—that special province of Catholic authors—and he now commands, from some readers, the degree of respect that is justly accorded a François Mauriac. At the same time, his lighter productions have been welcomed as miracles of invention, pace, and suspense.

One can only guess whether or not Mr. Greene has always taken himself as seriously as many of his critics have come to take him, but he seems to have been won over to their attitude, for in preparing the present collection he has done something that is usually done only by the pious hands of posterity. He has put into print a fragment of an abandoned novel—a fragment of some thirty-five pages—that is really valueless as it stands, unless we assume that a writer should publish all his false starts for the convenience of future literary historians and biographers; and he has also put between covers two, or possibly three, stories so trifling that their inclusion in the present book can be explained only on the assumption that nothing written by their author could be trifling enough to be undeserving of this kind of preservation.

Now Mr. Greene's talents are both genuine and unusual, they are the sinews and the proof of a distinct literary personality, and they excite admiration as well as a lively interest when they find expression in a novel such as "The Power and the Glory." But they still belong, I think, to a rank somewhat below the one to which many reviewers would assign them; a rank which does not entitle their owner's narrative miscarriages and slightest tales to appear "fully dressed between covers."

Having said so much for the sake of the record, it is pleasant to report that Mr. Greene is too modest when he tells us he has never properly practised the exacting short-story form. He may not have practised it extensively, but in his best stories he has practised it with notable success, and with variety as well.

Fear, failure, the awful isolation of the human animal who would live without religious faith, the ironies of fate, and the world of childhood—these are the chief themes and subjects which we find in Mr. Greene's best stories. "The Basement Room," "The End of the Party," and "I Spy" are all three concerned with both childhood and fear. In the first, a small boy retreats hysterically from the doors which open into the adult world with its mysteries and responsibilities. In the second, another small boy dies because he is unable to cross the frontier of his childishness to explain his fear of the dark to an adult hostess. And in the third, another child spies in the darkness on a scene he cannot understand. As for Mr. Greene's failures, they range from the declension of an aging gigolo, through the suicide of a young man who can find nothing in life that makes "hanging around" worth while, to the African death of Mr. Lever, who believes that he is successful and free at the very moment when he is doomed and probably damned.

The author's attitude in these stories is that of the detached observer who is emotionally uninvolved in the human histories he records; occasional ironic amusement is the one personal note which is permitted to make itself plainly heard. But Mr. Greene's involvement with his material is, of course, more personal than his attitude would indicate. One notes that his children do not wish to cross the threshold of adult life; they do not wish to grow up, and one of them, when he has, mourns his lost innocence. Can we doubt that their reluctance springs from what their creator knows about life—not as a detached observer, but with every fiber of his being?

—*Jean Marie Marcel.*

Graham Greene—"his children do not wish to cross the threshold of adult life."

A Neurotic World

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. By Isabel Bolton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 212 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

ONCE again we get from Isabel Bolton a noteworthy little book which, while it does not quite fulfill the promise of her earlier "Do I Wake or Sleep?," is fine enough, in a time of pseudo-artistic publications, to merit careful attention. Her talent, her exquisite sensitivity are unmistakable, and in the story of Hilly Danforth and her curiously misloved son, Larry, we are plunged again, by startling high-strung writing, into the disturbed, neurotic world of the overfed intellectual.

I read the first two chapters of this book in *The New Yorker,* where they were published as what seemed a neatly executed, self-contained short story. They are part of the initial phase of the novel, in which Mrs. Danforth remembers, in the Christmas season, other Christmases and reflects upon this one; in it Miss Bolton reveals her gift for perceptive, lyric prose which should take top honors in current literature. As her story works itself out, however, and we meet Larry, a mother-obsessed homosexual of ultra-refined tastes, his former wife—who has divorced him and married a dull hero of the just-ended Second World War—, and the young man with whom Larry has been living, the story begins to deteriorate. Larry, once we see him in action, rather than through the eyes of the mother to whom he is so unwholesomely attached, becomes rather a tiresome, perverted, ingrown young man, fighting a dull, familiar battle with his violent neurotic impulses. The structure of the initially compact novel begins to loosen and sag, and with it sags the bright, wonderfully effective technique which the early chapters led us to expect for the whole. Miss Bolton attempts, in Larry's last violent, climactic act of killing the captain, to make of her story a kind of symbol of the world's disorder. But, preceded as it is by Larry's persistent neurotic musing, it fails to come off as anything more than a sharp, welcome, if somewhat unsubstantiated overt blow after all that introverted inaction.

I should not like to understate the wonderful potentialities of Miss Bolton's talent. Her prose is often perfect, and the first few chapters of her story led me to believe that here was something even more beautifully executed, more precise, perhaps even more profoundly perceptive than her

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very fine previous novel. Her ability to transfer to us some of the wonder and awe of Mrs. Danforth's early Christmases, the faculty for sweeping us into the opulent, meaningful scenes of her childhood, the communication of the very experience of childhood—these are remarkable in the excitingly promising beginning of her book. But it seems to me that as her attempts to explore motivation, and the motives themselves, become more complex, the characters become less convincing and, oddly enough, less interesting. For her Freudian probing destroys the subtlety of her characterization and, rather than simply illuminate the final violence, leads us to wonder whether we are not being confronted with too much undisguised doctrine right out of the psychological book. Mrs. Danforth as she muses before a remembered Christmas tree is charming; Mrs. Danforth as she represents the overprotective mother suffering from the traumata of a love-starved, sheltered childhood is slightly less convincing.

The sense of construction, the ability to choose precisely the right word, the delicate vibratory reaction to nervous, over-refined intellectual life, to our vaguely discontented, ever-groping pattern of living—these are surely there. Miss Bolton is undoubtedly head and shoulders over most of the people writing today. But I believe we have yet to see a book which utilizes fully her vast ability.

Story Behind the Story

ALL SORTS AND KINDS. By Christopher La Farge. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1949. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

IT'S virtually a custom now for an author, when he gathers together his stories for a collection, to write a preface explaining his literary method and to append notes, either fore or aft of each story, which detail the circumstances of its composition, how many rejections it had before its worth was finally appreciated by some discerning editor, and similar facts. This Christopher La Farge has done for "All Sorts and Kinds." But he has gone farther than most. He has taken the reader into his confidence and has appointed him, should he wish to accept the honor, to the position of reader-critic. For the reader-critic Mr. La Farge has divulged the intention he had with each story. And then, very candidly, he asks reader-critic to decide for himself whether either success or failure has resulted from the intention.

The exercise is uncommonly interesting in this case, for Mr. La Farge is a skilled and original story-teller. For the reader who doesn't wish to be a critic too, there is no danger of missing the point of a story. It is stated for

Christopher La Farge—"We do not have time or patience for the mature."

him. For reader-critics (and who is there who is not one in some embryonic or developed form?) there is the opportunity to test his own evaluations of a piece of work against the author's. And, in addition, here is a really valuable sort of case-book of the short story for those who practise the form, whether they be apprentices or professionals.

There is, for instance, the frank admission that Mr. La Farge began his story writing under the strong influence of Ernest Hemingway. It's an influence that can indeed be clearly seen in a story like "Scorn and Comfort," in which a man succeeds in freeing himself from his restricting past. The influence certainly doesn't harm the story, for there is not imitation but a conscious utilizing of an attractive method. In the case of "Der Kukuk" Mr. La Forge notes that magazine editors in one and all rejecting the story, commented upon the striking similarity to the work of Kay Boyle, although he hadn't, up to that time, read her work. However the editors' judgment in not printing the story might better have been respected, for this little mood vignette about the effect of an old-world song upon some refugee instructors at an American ski resort is so slight as to leave the reader all but unmoved. The intention, clear though it was, here is not enough.

But the author comes closer to his own in the delightfully humorous stories "The Special Class" and "Two White Horses." And he manages to be deeply affecting with "Mary Mulcahy," which deals with a day in the life of an

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., submits twenty famous "triplets" from the works of twenty well-known authors and asks you to match each series with the list of writers at the left. Allowing five points for each correct link-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. Brightness, purity, and truth	( ) Byron
2. Buxom, blithe, and debonair	( ) Coleridge
3. Clear, sparkling, and divine	( ) Cowper
4. Fallen, cold and dead	( ) Dryden
5. Friendship, love, and liberty	( ) Franklin
6. Guide, philosopher, and friend	( ) O. Henry
7. Healthy, wealthy, and wise	( ) Herford
8. Infirm, weak, and despised	( ) Hood
9. Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking	( ) Lyly
10. Masters, lords, and rulers	( ) Markham
11. Meadow, grove, and stream	( ) Milton
12. Moral, sensible, and well-bred	( ) Otway
13. Mournfully, gently and humanly	( ) Pope
14. Pride, crueltie, and ambition	( ) Raleigh
15. Quiver, bow, and arrows	( ) Read
16. Ripen, fall, and cease	( ) Scott
17. Rumble, grumble, and roar	( ) Shakespeare
18. Sobs, sniffles, and smiles	( ) Tennyson
19. Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown	( ) Whittier
20. Unwept, unhonored, and unsung	( ) Wordsworth

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Irish-American maid, although he fails to mention the similarity of this story to Katherine Mansfield's "The Life of Ma Parker." In "The General's Room" he achieves a remarkable portrait of a woman living to and for herself, a type which frequents a good many of the tales.

In the more recent stories (the collection is made up of pieces written over a ten-year period) Mr. La Farge goes far afield from his earlier or Hemingway-type period. With "Retreat from Victory" he acknowledges entering into a new phase, one in which he becomes more concerned with the "subtleties of mood and emotion" and less concerned with the "necessary exigencies of plot."

But these, for me, are the least successful of his stories. The concentration is almost entirely placed on aspects of character, something praiseworthy in itself, but it is as though in the process his created people have become abstracted from reality, their conflicts somehow represented more mathematically than with truly alive mood and emotion. I found most of the ones in this group of stories, with the exception of the cleverly done "The Three Aspects," quite pale and almost monotonous in their telling, although they never fail to make their sharply wise and valid points. They are about mature people and mature conflicts, and in his notes Mr. La Farge makes the complaint that we as a

(Continued on page 46)

—From "Goethe's World."

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—"no purer genius."

Belles-Lettres.

The half dozen important new books on writers and writing reviewed here afford glimpses into the literary life of five different nations. This summer Germany—and USA—will celebrate the bicentennial of the birthday of Goethe; for the occasion Berthold Biermann has edited a volume of writing by and about the Sage of Weimar, "Goethe's World." From England comes a brilliant collection of essays, "Poets and Story-Tellers," in which Lord David Cecil undertakes to enlighten the ordinary reader about various British literary masterpieces. France is represented by the third and last volume of André Gide's "Journals." The first stirrings of literary art in Russia are recounted in N. K. Gudzy's "History of Early Russian Literature." And one of our own literary giants, Henry Thoreau of Concord, Massachusetts, is considered in his relation to nature in Reginald L. Cook's "Passage to Walden."

The Sage of Weimar

GOETHE'S WORLD. Edited by Berthold Biermann. New York: New Directions. 1949. 422 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CLAUDE HILL

THERE have been great men, fabulous characters, striking personalities, and remarkable talents in this world, but no purer genius has appeared in the last two centuries than Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, whose two hundredth birthday all civilized nations will celebrate this summer. Curiously, of all countries of the Western world, America has been least affected by the spirit of the unique German, and his works have never here enjoyed the reverence customarily reserved for a Shakespeare, Dickens, Molière, Balzac, or Tolstoy. With the greatest men of our age long having confessed their debt to Goethe, from André Gide to Albert Schweitzer and Thomas Mann, it seems that this year's anniversary will afford Americans an excellent opportunity for re-evaluation and belated recognition. Preparations are being made for dignified celebrations all over the country, new editions and translations will come out during the next months, an international seminary is going to be held in the Colorado mountains, and many people, to whom Goethe has just been a word, will gain a glimpse of his world.

"Goethe's World" is, therefore, a welcome and, in more than one respect, necessary homage to the pending anniversary. Admirably edited by Berthold Biermann, well illustrated, and ably translated, the handsome volume introduces the layman to the complex and awe-inspiring personality of one of the greatest human beings who ever lived. Without pretending to open "the whole world" of Goethe, Mr. Biermann, who has also contributed a sober and modest introduction, has surprisingly well succeeded in recreating the manifold impressions which the Sage of Weimar made on his contemporaries. Out of Goethe's own diaries, reminiscences, letters, and testimonies of friends and visitors, with interspersed notes by the editor, the story of one of the most incredibly versatile and interesting men unfolds before the reader's eyes. Starting with the mother's recollections of the infant in Frankfort-on-the-Main, the book quickly passes over the student's youthful flirtations at Leipzig and the young poet's stormy apprenticeship at Strasbourg in order to dwell at length on the long and little-interrupted span of the Weimar years. It was here, in this tiny German "Athens" that Goethe, the king of German literature, held court, surrounded by Herder, Wieland, and Schiller, and received visitors from all countries of the world. It was here that he housed his huge art collections, that he occupied the posts of privy counsellor, minister of finances and forestry, manager of the theatre, and chancellor of the University of Jena. And it was here that he carried on his seemingly endless correspondence with men of letters and scientists, and that he did extended research in archeology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, anatomy, optics, and physics. And, last but not least, it was here that he loved and was loved and, to the shock of the gossiping burghers of the little town, married the young Christiane, with whom he had already been living for seventeen years in his own house. What a man!

If those who are studying the personality of genius are in need of material, they will find it abundantly in Goethe. From Beethoven to Napoleon and Heine, they all felt it; and the

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rather cynical writer Wieland, certainly not given to irrational statements, wrote of the twenty-six-year-old Goethe: "He is—however and from wherever you look at him—the greatest, best, the most magnificent human being God has ever created!" Apparently everybody who ever came in contact with Goethe reacted in similar fashion. He radiated greatness without, however, appearing inhuman in any way. Even as an octogenarian he was possessed of charm and humor and was still capable of occasional caprice. It is the merit of Biermann's book, that he presents to us a world in which "genius" is the only proper word for the unequaled richness of the human life that is revealed. It is not so much the mental giant and often prophetic philosopher who emerges from these pages, but the overwhelming personality who carried the art of human self-development to a point never since surpassed in Western civilization.

English Carping and Criticism

THE GREAT TRADITION. By F. R. Leavis. New York: George W. Stewart. 1948. 226 *pp.* $4.50.

POETS AND STORY-TELLERS: A BOOK OF CRITICAL ESSAYS. By Lord David Cecil. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 201 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THESE two collections of critical essays represent two conflicting tendencies in contemporary criticism, the simultaneous existence of which confuses even the cultivated reader. Lord David Cecil assumes as his duty the task of informing and enlightening others in order to increase their pleasure in literary works; Dr. Leavis, in contrast, insists upon a disciplined analysis of a few books which appeal peculiarly to him, and leaves upon those who peruse his pages the impression that reading a novel is something to be pursued only very seriously. The style of the first writer is open and plain; the style of the second, gray and contorted, the grayness arising from its ambiguous mode, somewhere between talk and formal prose, and the contortion springing from an inveterate habit of mind.

Lord David Cecil observes that a good many people read Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" without quite getting the play into focus. The play is technically a tragedy, but it is not tragic as "King Lear" is tragic. The play, furthermore, is full of marvelous language, but it appears to most commentators to be discursive, and even broken-backed. Why is this? Is there some point of view from which these contradictions will resolve themselves? Why, yes, says our critic; "Antony and Cleopatra" is not so much a play as a panorama, and the reason it is a panorama is that its theme is not romantic love but success—success in the search after power and happiness in the great world of affairs. Lord David demonstrates this skilfully and sympathetically, not by quoting many speeches or analyzing the poetry, but by a method of informal statement. He does not declare that previous critics are incompetent for not having observed this central truth, and he does not, to make his point about the unity and greatness of "Antony and Cleopatra," find it necessary to denigrate the power and greatness of other plays. This method of insight (obviously the fruit of study), of simplicity, of quiet persuasion characterizes the other essays in his collection—on John Webster, Gray, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Turgenev, Constant, and even Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster.

In contrast, the first essay in Dr. Leavis's "The Great Tradition" is, to put it mildly, bellicose. The "great tradition," it appears, is the tradition of craftsmanship in the English novel, and it contains only Jane Austen, George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad, the claims of other critics (including Lord David Cecil) to the contrary notwithstanding. He banishes Dickens to an appendix, where, to be sure, admirable things are said about "Hard Times." As for "Tom Jones," it is ridiculously overpraised, and when Fielding wrote "Amelia" he had gone soft. Thackeray is a "minor novelist." Hardy simply won't do. Dr. Leavis's four great novelists (by and by he adds D. H. Lawrence) are high above "the ruck of Gaskells and Trollopes and Meredith." He finds a phrase in Lord David Cecil's "Early Victorian Novelists" and acidly remarks: "In so far as it is possible to extract anything clear and coherent from the variety of things that Lord David Cecil says," and so on. Scott, he observes, was merely an "inspired folklorist"—for the notion that the novelist must "create character" in any large, loose, generous way is something Dr. Leavis won't submit to. All this belligerence seems a little unnecessary, the more so in that, when Dr. Leavis finally gets through smashing the china and settles down to work, he has some penetrating things to say.

His book, once past the opening gunfire, is composed of three essays—on George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad. The last two are less detailed and less original in some respects than is the first one. The strength of the volume, in fact, is in the hundred-page essay he gives to the novels of George Eliot, but as this essay would have been just as good without the extravagant claims of the introduction, the reader can only wonder why, in order to establish the goodness of "Middlemarch," Dr. Leavis has to quarrel so violently with so many judgments by others on other books.

His method is one of careful, even intricate, analysis. He shows, for example, how George Eliot too intimately projected herself into Maggie Tulliver, whereas, when she wrote "Middlemarch," except for Dorothea Brooke, she was less personally involved in the fortunes of her characters. He is excellent in pointing out the successful scenes of "Felix Holt." Admitting that "Daniel Deronda" does not succeed as a whole, he says that if you will throw away the Semitic part, you will have left a rather superb novel you can call "Gwendolen Harleth," and he makes some interesting observations on the relation of this to James's "The Portrait of a Lady."

If Lord David Cecil addresses himself to the common reader, Dr. Leavis's observations are, I am tempted to say, for the uncommon reader, or, if not that, for a rather small and special group passionately concerned for literary technology.

Possibly we have reached a stage in criticism when to declare that such and such a critic displays good sense or appeals to what Dr. Johnson called "general nature," is, in the eyes of this small group, to say he is no critic at all. Even if Lord David Cecil deserves some of the strictures Dr. Leavis passes on him, I would say, however, that he does appeal to general nature and that he displays good sense. He is not as subtle as Dr. Leavis, but he is far more agreeable reading. The observations of Dr. Leavis, once you get to them, are far more intricate, often right, and occasionally brilliant. But it would appear that he is less interested in good sense and general nature than he is in controversy. This is unfortunate, for his dogmatisms merely bewilder readers who could benefit from his acute and powerful, if somewhat narrow, techniques as a critic.

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Joy and the Demon

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE. Volume III: 1928-1939. Translated and annotated by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 450 *pp.* $6.

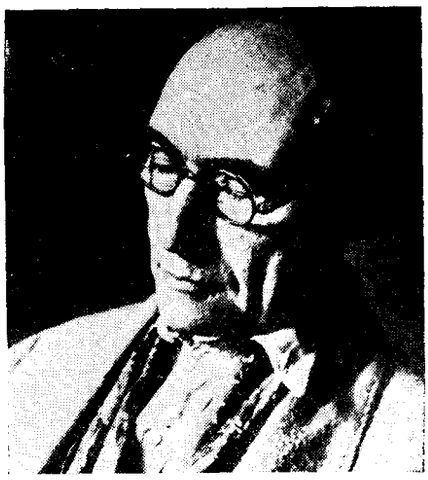
Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS is the final volume in the American edition of André Gide's "Journals." The first two books trace the course of Gide's career from his youth and literary apprenticeship to the point at which he becomes the greatest living French writer. Mr. O'Brien has done an excellent job of editing and translation; the "Journals" as a whole are surely among the central documents in modern literature.

As usual, the third volume contains a mixture of moral reflections, literary comments, domestic notes, personal disclosure. This is both a record of the world Gide lived in and a diary of his responses and reactions; the material, as he tells us, which cannot be used in his books but which actually forms one of his most illuminating and valuable works. The scene moves from Cuverville, his country home, and Paris, the center of his literary activities, to Italy, Germany, and the French Congo. Gide is in his sixties as the book opens, but there is still that continual struggle to perfect his life and to develop his art.

In one sense the "Journals" are an almost perfect example of the curious division between love and desire that marks modern writing—love without desire, and desire without love. Yet one sees very clearly here that both Cuverville, the scene, and Em, the subject, of Gide's most intense personal conflicts, are also the source of his personal stability and even of his literary values. "Free at last," Gide says after the death of his wife, "and with no tie left, like a kite with the string suddenly cut, I toppled over, diving soul-first toward the ground, where I crashed." These are the years of Munich, too, the rise of Hitler and Fascism, the prelude to war. The "Journals" trace Gide's increasing hostility to the politics and dogma of the Catholic Church, his conversion to Communism, his trip to Russia, and final renunciation of both Communist and Catholic authoritarianism.

How much of this late and hesitant political conversion in Gide's career can be attributed to a failure of his creative powers that is openly acknowledged here? If the moralistic bent of Gide's thought becomes apparent "now that the turbulence of the flesh is tempered," it is true also



André Gide—"now that the turbulence of the flesh is tempered."

that the final volume of the "Journals" lacks the emotional turbulence, the intensity of the earlier books. It almost seems that Gide's sustained defense of homosexuality in literature has become a spiritual confession, an act of religious piety. But perhaps there was always an element of sterility in Gide's literary position; ascetic, rational, ironic in tone, it lacks instinctive humor, largeness, generosity —"the thickness of the great comic artists," as Gide himself says, or of the primary creative artists. Rigor takes the place of abundance in his thought, and perfection is cultivated at the cost, perhaps, of inspiration.

Yet this may be truly appropriate to Gide's position as one of the last great voices of the Protestant conscience in Europe—a voice that has preached "the extremity of individualism"—and a late nineteenth-century Europe that is already part of history. It is a strange sight, for instance, strange and admirable, to notice the Gide of the present volume painfully working his way through the Marxist decalogue and conceding the final importance of "the social question." Unlike some of our own disciples of T. S. Eliot, here it is that Gide perceives and laments his lack of the historical sense, and trains himself to admire Balzac, Whitman, and even Zola.

The mark of Gide's triumph, and of his stature, is that he appears to transcend his limits everywhere. I have already mentioned in these columns the remarkable and voluptuous curiosity which takes him very far afield, and the humility which makes him turn back very often to confirm or to alter a judgment. That "joy" which Gide has consciously cultivated at the center of his thinking about life, and that "demon" which he believes to be inseparable from great works of art, have served him well.

Long-Curtained Culture

HISTORY OF EARLY RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By N. K. Gudzy. Translated from the Russian by Susan Wilbur Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 545 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by JOHN COURNOS

THIS book puts the reviewer in mind of the story of those Elizabethan merchant adventurers who, having penetrated the Russia of their day, visited a Northern monastery to find a native painting of the Last Judgment, in which the righteous on one side were all Russians while the sinners grouped on the other side and sentenced to eternal perdition were all foreigners.

Indeed, the Iron Curtain, over which we are making such a fuss, is nothing new. It is an established Russian institution, only now and again temporarily set aside by some rebellious hand like Peter the Great's, opening a window to let foreign ideas drift in. Such ideas, it should be pointed out—and this immense tome offers ample evidence of it—rarely remain in their pure state, but are translated by Slavic minds into something having but little relation to the original idea. There are implications in this which have their bearing on the use to which Russians have put the ideas of Marx and Engels, though, to be sure, the Soviet author of this book has not pursued the question he raises to its ultimate conclusion.

The earliest Russian culture, as the author points out, derives from Byzantium. The earliest narratives usually came from there direct, but underwent curious changes in translation. Such is the case of Josephus's "History of the Judaic War," translated under the title of "Narrative of the Destruction of Jerusalem," made presumably from Josephus's own Greek version. We are told it is not so much a translation as "a free paraphrase of the foreign original into a language resembling that of Russian eleventh- or twelfth-century monuments," and containing additions and expressions by no means warranted by the original text, and of a nature calculated to appeal to the Russian mind. This is freely admitted by the author, who goes so far as to reject unsupported evidence of authenticity offered by German scholars. The Josephus work, by the way, was very important during the Kiev period, and its influence "was particularly manifest in the 'Tale of Igor's Expedition,' while the chronicle narrative showed it to some extent."

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Censorship Can Be Stopped

BY a recent and memorable decision in the Philadelphia courts in which he dismissed the case against five local booksellers accused of selling obscene literature, Judge Curtis Bok has added an arch to the shaking temple of liberty to match that erected by Judge John M. Woolsey fifteen years ago in a famous decision which permitted James Joyce's "Ulysses" to be printed and sold in the United States. The reader may recall with pleasure Judge Woolsey's closing sentence: "But my considered opinion, after long reflection, is that whilst in many places the effect of 'Ulysses' on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic, nowhere does it tend to be an aphrodisiac." Judge Bok also wrote that he had "read with thoughtful care" the nine contemporary novels which had been seized by the police through some absurd and, let us hope, only temporary revival of outraged puritanism.

The books in question in Philadelphia were James T. Farrell's trilogy, "Studs Lonigan," and his "A World I Never Made"; William Faulkner's "Wild Palm" and "Sanctuary"; "End As a Man," by Calder Willingham; "God's Little Acre," by Erskine Caldwell, and "Never Love a Stranger," by Harold Robbins. The law which was responsible for this outrage against common sense and the freedom of the press is based on an earlier act of sixty years ago, a verbose and confusing sentence some four hundred words long. In brief, the law states that anyone in Pennsylvania can be fined or jailed for a year who has in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give away, or advertise a book, magazine, etc., that is obscene, lascivious, filthy, indecent, or disgusting. Fortunately, judicial practice in these cases has progressed in many states. In Pennsylvania in 1940 the court had said, "In determining whether a work is obscene it must be construed as a whole and regard must be paid for its place in the arts." The prosecution had two strikes against it when the case was tried, so that Judge Bok was able to demolish what remained of it with ease, and to devote most of his long decision to a survey of the broader aspects of the censorship of literature. It is obvious that he did so with a good deal of pleasure and with literary skill.

The main points of his contention that these books were not obscene should be widely read, for they erect a firm barrier against repetitions of this kind of judicial nonsense. "The law," he wrote, "seems to assume that the word obscene has an inherent meaning, both as to what it is and what it does," and he goes on to prove that it has no inherent meaning, or different meanings historically and legally, and "is not indictable unless actual or imminent criminal behavior can be traced to it." He quotes a statement of Justice Holmes to prove his theory: "The public does not read a book and simultaneously rush by the hundreds into the street to engage in orgiastic riots." To use a recent example, it cannot be proved that any criminal act was occasioned by reading Faulkner's "Sanctuary" or Farrell's "Studs Lonigan," whereas in the recent outcry against sadistic or erotic "comic" magazines it could be and was proved that children had been influenced by them to commit crimes and that they had led to a certain amount of juvenile delinquency.

"No literature is vital," said the judge, "that cannot be vulgarized. . . . Far from inciting to lewd and lecherous desires, which are censorially pleasurable, these books leave one either with a sense of horror or of pity for the degradation of mankind." Recalling perhaps New York's Justice Ford, who some years ago became an object of ridicule by using his adolescent daughter as a weapon for the prosecution against certain books, Judge Bok summons his own three daughters for the defense. "I should prefer," he said, "that my own daughters meet the facts of the world in my library than behind a neighbor's barn, for I can face the adversary there directly. . . . By the time [a girl] is old enough to read them, she will have learned the biologic facts of life and the words that go with them." The Judge thus neatly disposes of the sentimentalists who are always present at these occasions to protest that all literature should be based on what is fit for a child to read.

In another section he uses the opportunity given to him to refer to the present attacks on books or plays that do not conform to some present-day conceptions of social ideology and psychology. The recent furor created by the attempts to censor, or to keep from motion-picture audiences, "Oliver Twist," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may have been in Judge Bok's mind when he said, "Censorship, which is the policeman of decency whether religious, patriotic, or moral, has had distinct fashions, depending on which great questions were agitating society at the time." In the Middle Ages it was heresy and blasphemy; later it became sexual morality. Today it is again heresy, political rather than religious heresy; it is again sedition against the state; and we are apparently about to add the censorship by minority groups who, rightly or wrongly, would forbid the presentation of characters in fiction and the drama who appear to them to be dangerous caricatures of supposedly racial traits.

Thomas Jefferson wrote, "Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press and that cannot be limited without being lost." While Judge Bok is helping to win the battle for free literature on one score, it may be lost

Atomic Age Fables

VI. 10,001

THE magician had done the trick ten thousand times.

He had mastered the temperature of the water, conquered the lack of air, and broken the formulae of all locks.

On that day he was again placed in the great steel vault. It was sealed with lead, and wrapped in immense chains. Then it was immersed in the icy river.

When the vault reached the floor, he felt a drop on his forehead. Was it water of the river or the sweat of fear?

He will never tell.

—J. S.

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in other domains. We may welcome a time that may not be far off when men will attempt to create laws to censor political or racial literature. The struggle to keep laws of this nature off the statute books will at least clear away the fog that is slowly creeping over men's minds, whether the battle for freedom is finally won or lost. There is more in the word censorship, if Judge Bok's decision is read with an open mind, than meets the eye. —H. S.

Bookmarks

PLATYPUSES, as everybody knows, eat earthworms—so many earthworms that the Bronx Zoo, which has two platypuses, has had to go into the earthworm-raising business to supply them. Earthworms, we read in an enlightening paper by W. H. Nicholas in the February *National Geographic*, eat almost anything—stale pastry, eggshells, coffee grounds, newspapers. Robert Frost, meaning to do the platypuses a good turn, sent the zoo's worm-farmers a barrel of windfall apples from his Vermont orchards. The worms would have none of them. Something there is that doesn't love an apple.

* * *

The London edition of "Roosevelt and Hopkins," for reasons not immediately apparent, has been retitled "The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins." Still less explicable, to us, is the discovery, by *Punch*'s reviewer, of "many little touches" which point "the contrast between his [FDR's] inexpansive temperament and Mr. Churchill's exuberant and expansive one."

* * *

Further critical report on *Punch* reviewing: Nevil Shute's "No Highway" was entrusted to E.O.D.K. (which look to us like fathomable initials). E.O.D.K. gave away the whole plot up to and including its most climactic moment and then added: "From here on the main excitement drops a little." This would not be known, on this side of the water, as brother-in-law stuff.

* * *

A dozen or so years ago someone whose name we can't remember wrote a novel whose title we can't remember which omitted the letter e throughout. We were startled to learn, the other day, not only that this zanyism has a long history, but that it even has a name. It is called lipogrammatism; a practitioner is, of course, a lipogrammatist, a writer of lipograms, and a lipogram is a composition from which the writer rejects all words that contain a certain letter or letters. According to Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," one Nestor retreaded the Iliad by omitting alpha from the first book, beta from the second, and so on. Soon thereafter a copycat named Tryphiodorus did the same stunt with the Odyssey. Later Fulgentius, a Roman, wrote "a little prose work" in twenty-three chapters each of which omitted a sequential letter; at least that is what he *probably* did, but the first fourteen chapters are happily missing. A Persian poet whom Disraeli does not identify read to "the celebrated Jami" something of his from which the letter aliff was excluded. Jami came back at him: "You can do a better thing yet; take away all the letters from every word you have written." Excellent suggestion.

* * *

Authors, a shy company, generally avoid assigning their own given names to any of their characters. Mr. Hemingway, if we have read him to good purpose, has never created an Ernest, or Miss Welty a Eudora, or Miss Christie an Agatha. We applied the test to Dickens, with the aid of Thomas Alexander Fyfe's "Who's Who in Dickens," a roster of some 4,500 characters. Only sixteen of these are Charleses or Charleys, from Charley Bates, a pupil of Fagin's in "Oliver Twist," to Winking Charley, a vagrant in "Reprinted Pieces." Only nine of the sixteen are in the major novels, and none is a major character, with the exception of Charles Darnay, alias Charles St. Evremonde, in "A Tale of Two Cities," and he is not so much a major character in his own right as in his essentiality to the plot. Four of the sixteen have no last names. Seven of the sixteen (including Charlotte Neckett in "Bleak House") are Charleys. Several are mere incidental units in large families. One (in addition to Darnay-St. Evremonde, who did not, of course, assume the Charles) is an assumed name. Given 4,500 characters, some of them obviously had to be named Charles, or Charley. We can't imagine anyone's ever having called Dickens Charley. Is there any evidence that anyone ever did?

* * *

"His eyes teared in the cold wind," writes Samuel Spewack in "The Busy Busy People." This device opens up engaging possibilities, *e.g.*, "He toothed the hamburger ravenously," "He haired perpendicularly with terror," "He foreheaded the uneyed door and oathed briskly."

* * *

The New York Sun, which practically never goes off the deep end, recently offered to a groping world the following reassurance, unearthed for us by a reader.

Water Essential

Water is essential for all life purposes.

The stereotypers were yelling for pages, and a harassed, but not too harassed, printer reached into a galley of three-line fillers, picked one out, and locked up. Oddments of this sort are kept around every newspaper office for just such routine emergencies. No one questions their usefulness, any more than the dike questioned the usefulness of the little boy's finger.

Better labor the obvious, of course, than misinform. Years and years ago, when Duncan Aikman, who frequently adorns these pages, was a reporter on the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, he read there a filler which announced: "There are no bees in Ecuador." The rhythm (not unknown to English prosody) stuck to his brain as some foods are said to stick to the ribs. Down through the decades the relentless iambs pursued him and would not let him go. Then one day he went to Ecuador. There were bees there.

The *Sun* orders these matters better. If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so.

* * *

How mortified (as all our aunts used to say) the British must feel about their poet Thomas Gray! The poor man didn't know how to spell his own name.

* * *

"Will you cross me, please?" said a voice at our elbow (and a little below it) the other day as we waited at a village street intersection. We looked down to find a young lady of five, maybe, who sought expert guidance to the other side.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Roderick Usher's Allergy

SIR: I have been greatly interested by Dr. Harry Swartz's book "Allergy: What It Is and What to Do About It," recently published by Rutgers University Press. It is quite as exciting as a detective story, and I earnestly commend it to the innumerable victims of mysterious and pestering symptoms.

Dr. Swartz points out the obscurity in history and diagnosis of the various types of allergic distress. It struck me it would be interesting to trace in literature some of the case histories. My small contribution to the clinic would be Roderick Usher's allergy. I quote:

> [His malady] was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy. . . . It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these interested and bewildered me. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.
>
> —"The Fall of the House of Usher"

With his usual clairvoyance Poe lists here what are now recognized as classic symptoms of allergy. I wish Dr. Swartz would analyze them for us.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

"Bogus Best Sellers"

SIR: The recent turmoil about best-seller lists is a little amusing. Why should this tempest suddenly boil up in the teapot? The best-seller lists which you belabor so fiercely are no more inaccurate now than they were ten years ago. I doubt that either *The New York Times* or the *New York Herald Tribune* would claim that they are accurate.

. . . The best-seller lists are important because they win publicity for books. An amazing number of rental libraries and book shops post the *Herald Tribune* list of best sellers. The list is not accurate, perhaps, and undoubtedly it channels the reading of unadventurous souls. Do you think they would be more adventurous if the list were not displayed? I doubt it.

. . . As for our own list of best sellers, it has been pretty generally accepted by publishers as the most accurate picture of comparative sales now available. It is not the final answer, but it is accurate. Our list is based upon a count of sales made to thousands of book shops, rental libraries, and other quantity buyers throughout the country. These are sales *to* retailers, not *by* retailers. First sales reflect the optimism or skepticism of quantity buyers, but later sales are reorders and are a very reliable record of the book's general popularity.

Because you have attacked the integrity of best-seller lists generally, totally ignoring what we believe is the most authoritative list published, I think you should do our list the common justice of a hearing.

FRANCIS LUDLOW,
Editor, *The Retail Bookseller.*

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Bogus Best Sellers" limited its discussion to best-seller lists read by the general public. We have found the monthly best-seller list published by* The Retail Bookseller *to be remarkably accurate.*

SIR: After dealing with best-seller lists as an editor for over twenty years, I found Mr. Gelatt's attempt to take a scientific view of these mystical proceedings extremely interesting. It was unfortunate that he omitted the best list of all, that prepared on a monthly basis by *Publishers' Weekly.* However, all these lists, despite irregularities and wishful selections, do tell the reader what new books are selling best, especially in the first six places; the other titles matter only to promotion departments.

The lists of six best sellers originated in England in the 1890's and were published for about thirty years without variation to speak of, or until selling pressure was adopted in the late 1920's. I still think they suffice. Obviously they list only new publications. If I ask a bookseller what the public is buying, he will reply with the title of a new book. We both take for granted that Bibles and cook books sell perennially in large volume; what we want to know is what new novel is selling best in large volume.

When best-seller lists run to sixteen or more places, it is clear that some booksellers must draw on their imaginations, and that there may be jockeying to get some titles represented. Publishers have been known to advertise that a title "is on the best-seller list" when it has managed by pulmotor from El Paso to Evansville, to climb breathless into the final place in the *Herald Tribune.* As for authors, such encouragement immediately makes them demand a new advance.

If Mr. Gelatt wants scientific best-seller lists, he will interest chiefly the book trade, not the reader. To be accurate, he must have figures both of books printed and books sold. And, possibly, books returned. When we summarized last year's books, we learned that Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" had led the lists with only 125,000 copies accounted for. When we included book-club distribution, it turned out that Francis Parkinson Keyes's "Came a Cavalier" had led the field with well over 1,000,000 copies. When we included reprints, Erle Stanley Gardner's output could be realized only by measuring the place where whole forests had once stood.

So it seems logical that sales should be described in categories: 1. New fiction and new non-fiction. 2. Book-club distribution. 3. Reference works. 4. Fiction and non-fiction over two years old. 5. The dependable backlogs —Bibles, cook books, dictionaries, and dalecarnegies. 6. Reprints. 7. Fourth Avenue replacements.

The chief arguments against best-seller lists are: they blanket other desirable books, and they encourage readers to follow the leaders. Book-club selections exert the same influence. But isn't it better for a reader to buy a book because it is popular than to buy no books at all? Once you get a reader into a book store, he may be beguiled by alluring jackets of dozens of other books. A good salesman knows how to suggest that after Lloyd Douglas there's Sholem Asch. For myself, I prefer the six best sellers, all new titles. I always take

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for granted that everybody is reading the "World Almanac" anyhow (adv.).

HARRY HANSEN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our remarks about* The Retail Bookseller *list apply equally to the listings compiled by* Publishers' Weekly. *Mr. Hansen's proposed categories are well worth heeding. Others might be circulations from rental and public libraries.*

SIR: As a former book-store employee, I received a great deal of satisfaction from your editorial "Bogus Best Sellers." I worked as a clerk and was not in a position to examine overall records. But I did notice a discrepancy between the best-seller listings and the sales in our order department and on the floor. The store I refer to is one of the largest in the world.

While it is good salesmanship to tell a customer that a book is a best-seller if such a thing impresses the customer, falsifying records for newspapers that are read by hundreds of thousands of people relying upon their accuracy is another matter. The fact that the papers are aware of this fraud may lead people to question their veracity concerning other matters about which they have always been truthful.

WALTER R. FREEMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: You cannot imagine what a terrific lift I got out of Roland Gelatt's thorough analysis and pointed exposure of the best-seller list. The reason is not hard to come by when you know that in my miniscule (or at least so it has seemed) way I have tried mightily to get something done about it since 1930.

For fourteen years I managed the book department at The Harvard Coop; and then for five years I was the buyer at Kroch's in Chicago; more recently I've been sales promotion manager of Viking and merchandise manager of the Walden chain. In all that time and with the advantage which my position always gave me, I crusaded for some semblance of sanity in reporting best sellers. I enlisted the assent of publishers, reviewers, editors, and book-sellers, but no one ever did anything about it.

. . . From my humble point of vantage it is a reform that is long overdue in this haphazard business of ours. I know of no other business that relies so greatly on pure guesswork. The result is a vastness of remainders that is most appalling. Here is something truly constructive for The American Book Publishers Council to tackle. Let's see if they are men enough to recognize its value and importance.

ALAN GARDNER.

New York, N. Y.

T. S. Eliot and Posterity

SIR: Ben Ray Redman's very sane article on T. S. Eliot [*SRL* Mar. 12] must have been refreshing to the few (or are they the many?) who would wish to query this author's becoming an ancestor in his lifetime, as George Gordon, in an ironic appraisal, puts it. . . . Some of us, passionately on the lookout for poetry, are continuously irked by Eliot's inability or unwillingness to alembicate his thought. In this he is almost uniformly consistent. The end of "The Waste Land," a tacked-on and very weak homilectic, reads like the dashed-off ending to a letter by one rushing to catch a train.

What happens to some of our critics when they write on this author? Do they leave their standards in abeyance; or have they none?

A. E. JOHNSON.

Syracuse, N. Y.

SIR: Ben Ray Redman on "T. S. Eliot: In Sight of Posterity" reminds me of the old yarn told about Browning. Someone came to him with a particularly abstruse poem and asked him to explain it. Said he: "When I wrote that poem only God and I knew what it meant; now, God alone knows!"

But, frankly, isn't it about time we came down to earth. The really great poetry of the world is understandable, moving, quotable. Otherwise, by any sane standard, it would not be poetry. This modern craze to read deep meaning into drivel, and suggestions into obvious nonsense is just in line with our craziest art. If T. S. Eliot is to be remembered for anything much—and I don't think so—it will be for some deep insight into human problems that will spur on future generations to better endeavors. All else is, to quote old Thomas Carlyle, inane chimera.

Your printing such an essay as Ben Ray Redman's proves how far even the *SRL* has gotten itself all twisted up.

REV. HARRY TAYLOR.

Jennings Lodge, Ore.

Yankee Persepolis

SIR: John Woodburn, in his excellent review of J. P. Marquand's "Point of No Return" [*SRL* Mar. 5], mentions Malcolm Bryant's "Yankee Persepolis." He might well have pointed out the strong parallel between Bryant's investigation and W. Lloyd Warner's survey of "Yankee City," which is Marquand's native Newburyport. We who teach become accustomed to looking for errors. Mr. Woodburn persistently notes that Clyde is in Maine rather than in Massachusetts.

ERNEST R. DALTON.

Hackettstown, N. J.

"Sensitivity as Censor"

SIR: The response of your readers to John Haynes Holmes's ["Sensitivity as Censor," *SRL* Feb. 26] makes it clear that the immense preponderance of intellectual opinion holds that racial and religious minorities have the right to apply pressure to prevent the showing of pictures or the reading of books which they find offensive. Accordingly I see that legal action is to be taken to exclude "The Merchant of Venice" and "Oliver Twist" from the New York City schools; from which *The Nation* has already been excluded on a not dissimilar principle. After that, I suppose that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Uncle Remus" will go out too.

We who happen, through no fault of our own, to have been born into the largest racial and religious group of Americans feel rather envious of minorities who have only a few books to complain about. The overwhelming tendency of contemporary American literature, or at least of so much of it as is regarded as art, is to make any white Protestant feel that he ought to be ashamed of himself for not being a Negro or a Jew. Villainy in all its horrid forms is practised, it would seem, exclusively by us. The authors usually try to be fair; a kindly but ineffectual St. Clair is written into the story to balance the wicked Legree; but the St. Clairs are forever on the scaffold (or the shutter), the Legrees forever on the throne. I do not deny that many white Protestants are evil men; but it has not been my observation that wickedness is exclusively correlated with a particular race, creed, or color.

However, I cannot argue with so many art authors, especially as they now have Congressional support. The recent filibuster debate in the Senate established the principle that minorities have rights which majorities cannot claim. We white Protestants can only say, mislike us if you will, but mislike us not for our complexion. We can't help it.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: As chairman of the National Council on Freedom from Censorship and spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union on issues involving censorship, I feel that I must reply to the letter of Mr. Arnold Forster of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith [*SRL* Mar. 26], particularly since the admirable article of Dr. John Haynes Holmes, which Mr. Forster attacks, was based in part upon my extensive correspondence with various individuals and groups involved in the controversy over the exhibition of "Oliver Twist." Mr. Forster, by the use of elaborate word-play tries to give the impression that the Jewish organizations (particularly his own) have been merely trying to "censure" instead of "censor" by the use of "persuasion" rather than "pressure." This contention is, to put it mildly, misleading, and I regret to say that it is Mr. Forster and not Dr. Holmes who has been guilty of ignoring the "facts."

Here are a few quotations that will, I think, show where the truth lies. (The italics throughout are mine.) On Sept. 10, 1948, *The New York Times* carried a story to the effect that the New York Board of Rabbis had cabled Mr. Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Producers' Association of America, who was then in Paris, to "do everything possible to *keep the British film 'Oliver Twist' out of the United States*, as a vehicle of blatant anti-Semitism." The same article quotes a statement, issued by Rabbis Theodore N. Lewis and Harold H. Gordon of the New York Board of Rabbis, in which they say: "We sincerely trust that this film *will not* be

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granted a certificate of approval, permitting it to cast its terrible anti-Semitic shadows in American movie houses."

In the October issue of the *ADL Bulletin*, published by Mr. Forster's organization, the Anti-Defamation League, the leading story on page one says: "Outcome of recent discussions between ADL and U. S. representatives of J. Arthur Rank is that the British-made motion picture 'Oliver Twist' *will not be released* for showings to American theatregoers for at least a year." And, at about the same time, *The Reconstructionist*, a liberal Jewish publication, printed a long article commenting on the objections made by Mr. John Crosby, of the *New York Herald Tribune* and myself to the action of the Jewish organizations, in which this occurs: "We can congratulate the New York Board of Rabbis for the steps it has taken to persuade the movie industry *not to exhibit* this dangerous film."

On Nov. 8 Dr. Lewis (after ignoring, for nearly two months, repeated attempts to get him to justify his activities) wrote me: "I am convinced that there is a world of difference between a printed word and the screen. It is a grave error to place the two in one category and to demand for the latter the freedom which the former rightly enjoys." On Nov. 26, in another letter to me, Dr. Lewis again expresses the opinion that "there is a world of difference between a motion picture and a book." And then, in the same letter, with almost unbelievable inconsistency, goes on to say: "I presume, if you would have your way, you would not interfere with any anti-Semitic expressions, including the freedom to study 'The Merchant of Venice' in all the schools, a freedom which I believe *should be curbed and suppressed*."

On Nov. 22, Mr. Albert Deutsch, the able and earnest newspaper columnist whose castigation of the film was largely responsible for the attempts of the Jewish organizations to suppress it, wrote me: "I too, until a few years ago, was an all-out opponent of censorship in any form, but the late Adolph Hitler considerably modified my views on this as on other subjects." (A substantial victory for Hitler, in my opinion!)

Finally, at a forum on civil liberties here in Stamford, at which I presided, a representative of the American Jewish Congress stated that in his opinion not only "Oliver Twist" and "The Merchant of Venice" but any book that could conceivably be considered anti-Semitic should be kept out of the schools and that, in fact, it would be better to have no literature than permit circulation of anything that might stimulate anti-Semitism.

If all this does not add up to a specific attempt at suppression, in implementation of a general policy of censorship, then surely words and actions no longer mean anything. The issue is unmistakably clear and it amazes me that Mr. Forster (and some of your other correspondents) are either unable or unwilling to see it. It goes far beyond the question of the right of Mr. Rank to exhibit a film that he has made, and concerns itself with the right of the public to see and hear and to *make up its own mind*. This is the essence of civil rights and of democracy, and any action that has the effect of denying the public access to something that it may want to see and hear, and has a right to see and hear, is censorship.

One final comment on Mr. Forster's letter. He says: "If as a result of the picketing the motion picture is withdrawn, he [Dr. Holmes] would then cry 'censorship!' In brief, Dr. Holmes defends the right to protest—*only so long as the protest is ineffectual*." (The italics here are Mr. Forster's.) "The moment the protest becomes successful it is, ipso facto, censorship and therefore anathema." Here he not only misrepresents the position of the American Civil Liberties Union but unconsciously gives himself away.

I have been a member of the board of directors of the ACLU for something like seventeen years and I can state authoritatively that it has always supported orderly picketing and primary boycotts. It is Mr. Forster and his associates who fear that their picketing would not be effectual—Mr. Rank himself has stated that the picture's gross receipts in England have exceeded those of any picture except "Gone with the Wind," even "The Best Years of Our Lives"—and that the public would patronize it, in spite of their protests. Afraid of the test of public opinion, they have tried to suppress the film at its source. Their fears may be understandable and even condonable but, as Dr. Holmes pointed out so well, the public interest is of more importance than the interest of any particular group, and civil liberties are the keystone of the democratic fabric. We can ill afford to compromise with freedom and to borrow the techniques of totalitarianism.

ELMER RICE.

Stamford, Conn.

SIR: Dr. Holmes and his critics have discussed the abstact question of censorship. Such generalities are of very little help in judging what should be done in Germany today. Our Military Government decides what the Germans shall eat, teach, manufacture, and read. Whether right or wrong, the Germans are treated as probationers. Under those circumstances, it seems improper to permit the portrayal of Fagin to the people, who for more than a decade heard and accepted the most vicious anti-Semitic propaganda. . . . The showing of Dickens's picture in Germany today will arouse or revive the prejudice which animated the Germans, and will foster the belief in the principles of Fascism.

NORMAN M. BEHR.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: This is a word of praise and appreciation to Dr. John Haynes Holmes for his forthright article, to John Mason Brown for his equally unflinching treatment of the same subject matter [*SRL* Mar. 22], and to *SRL* itself for publishing these articles concerning the growing menace of censorship by pressure groups. That great books, paid for by all the taxpayers, sometimes hundreds of them as in the case of "The Merchant of Venice," should not only be banned from the classroom, but all copies removed from the stockroom and destroyed by a small minority is an unscrupulous misuse of power.

MARION E. BEECHER.

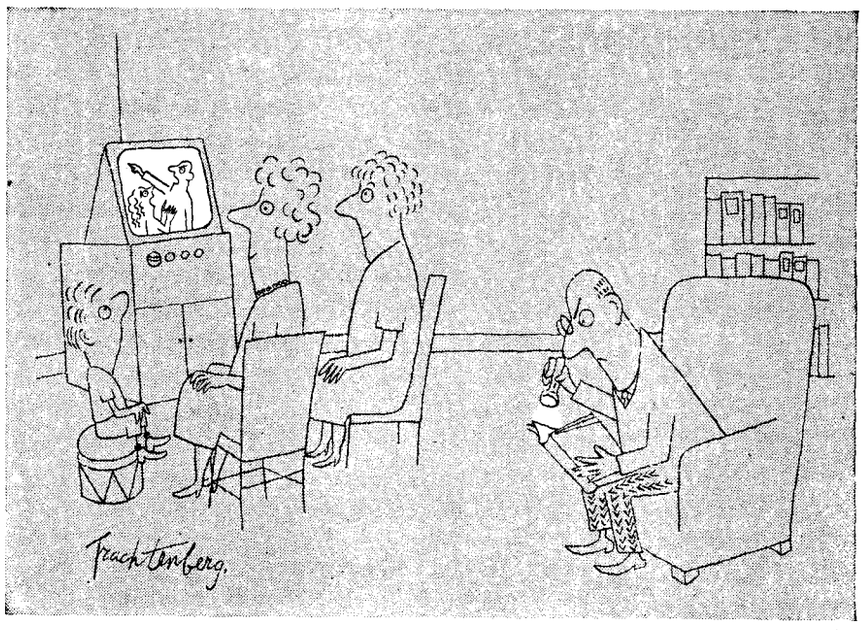
Atlantic City, N. J.

SIR: I heartily agree with Mr. John Mason Brown's warning against censorship by minorities, but not with some of his arguments. The parallel with the Danes who might protest against "Hamlet" is rather superficial. Mr. Brown should not forget that six million Jews were murdered because a few people claimed that they were all Fagins. Nothing like that happened to the Danes or to any other group. Thus, it is not just a matter of oversensitivity. Hitler is dead, but Nazism is not.

Fortunately, anti-Semitism, while far from negligible, does not present a "clear and present danger" here, and the "Oliver Twist" picture ought to be shown to us by all means. However, not so in Germany; to show it there, where former Nazis are only waiting for such encouragement, was stupid, if not something worse.

THEODORE FRONT.

New York, N. Y.



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MR. SHAKESPEARE'S EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from page 13)

caused no particular disturbance at first. The stock market in New York was quite tranquil. There was no rush to buy or sell film stocks on the part of the ninety million people who may have heard Jean Hersholt's remarks over the radio. And, as for the gentry of Hollywood, they were so stunned by the unexpected victory of "Hamlet" they had no time to worry about Mr. Hersholt, or what he had said about "commercialism."

But finally one man remembered. Mr. W. R. Wilkerson, editor of the *Hollywood Reporter*, began to sound off. In fact, he had been sounding off for some time. Long before the balloting began, Mr. Wilkerson had been leading a one-man campaign against Mr. Hersholt and the academy. It was a campaign, similar in spirit, to many others which Mr. Wilkerson has waged, with equal lack of success, against a wide variety of guilds and unions. In this, as in many other undertakings, Mr. Wilkerson was not speaking for himself alone in his trade paper, a paper which carries considerable studio advertising. He was, by his own boast, speaking for management. In a very special way he was speaking for a certain section of management which looks with approval on the existence of a semi-official "court journal" in which Mr. Wilkerson is quick to praise those who should be praised and quick to damn those who, in his book, should be damned.

IT was Mr. Wilkerson who began crying for Mr. Hersholt's head long before the balloting started for the recent awards. It was Mr. Wilkerson who first detected a "back hand" slap at Hollywood management in the selection of a British film as the best picture of the year. In Mr. Wilkerson's book, this was clearly a case of lèse-majesté and he would have none of it. He trumpeted to the world that something was wrong in the state of Denmark. Something was also wrong in Hollywood and, by an odd coincidence which he forgot to note, a man of Danish ancestry was once more involved. A cheerful Dane, to be sure, and a wonderfully good-hearted citizen who has done yeoman service for good films the world over. But that made no difference to Mr. Wilkerson. He did his best to discredit Mr. Hersholt and the academy but, as often happens with Mr. Wilkerson's campaigns, not very much came of it and for a very simple reason. Over a period of years now, Mr. Wilkerson has become a unique symbol in that section

of the world which lies a little to the west of the Los Angeles river: a word of condemnation from him is, by a kind of inverted yet wonderfully appropriate logic, a guarantee of good conduct to the thoughtful citizens of the community. A word of praise from him is, on the other hand, the cause of grave concern among people of mature judgment.

In justice to the industry generally, it should be reported that most of the studios and most of the executive producers are not to be measured by the stature of this unofficial spokesman whom a few of them have tolerated for so many years. Most of the newspaper correspondents who cover Hollywood know this to be true, but the news has not seeped out to the outside world in any considerable degree and now seems as good a time as any to set the record straight. And the record can never be set straight unless Mr. Wilkerson, as well as Hollywood, is seen in true perspective. In time, fortunately, Mr. Wilkerson will be forgotten.

What will not be forgotten is the uniformly high caliber of the 1948 awards. No one will quarrel with the choice of Laurence Olivier as the best actor of the year or the selection of Walter Huston and Claire Trevor for the best supporting performances. Jane Wyman deserves the top honors which she won for "Johnny Belinda" (Warner Brothers) and John Huston is a universal favorite as best director with "Treasure of Sierra Madre" (Warner Brothers). Some writers would have preferred to see the award for the best screen play go to Frank Partos and Millen Brand for "The Snake Pit" (Twentieth Century-Fox) but again there will be few who are inclined to quarrel with the choice of John Huston. The writing in "Treasure of Sierra Madre" is as distinguished as the direction. Everyone is well pleased with the choice of "The Search" (Metro-Swiss), by Richard Schweizer and David Wechsler, as the best story written directly for the screen. "Hamlet" (J. Arthur Rank) and "The Red Shoes" (J. Arthur Rank) are clearly entitled to the honors which were awarded them for art direction.

A SPECIAL report would be required to do justice to the work of Jerry Wald, who received the Thalberg Award for consistent high-quality production. And several columns could be written on the virtues of "Monsieur Vincent," which won the award for the best foreign-language film.

Critics and ticket buyers can still argue pleasantly and profitably on the general merits of "Hamlet," "The Snake Pit," "Treasure of Sierra Madre," and "Johnny Belinda." But on one point there is no argument: the choice of "Hamlet" as the best picture of the year is the free and uninfluenced choice of sincere American craftsmen. It is not a "back hand" slap at Hollywood management. It is a spontaneous gesture of appreciation, unexpected, unpredicted, and unorganized, and it should do much to lower national barriers in the whole field of communication arts.

Like the democracy of which it is a part, Hollywood has certain faults, but insularism in world affairs is not one of them. From the beginning it has been an internationally-minded community and it has always been quick to welcome good craftsmen from every country in the world. Year in and year out, the people who make the films in Hollywood—as well as the people in New York who sell the films—have always had a lively interest in the work of their contemporaries abroad. So, in a sense, the choice of "Hamlet" should not be surprising at all. It could only happen in a world-minded community.

Let the hills shake as they may. On the day that Oscar came of age, he put his best foot forward.

Emmet Lavery, who writes alternately for stage and screen, is a former president of the Screen Writers' Guild, a post which he held for three consecutive terms. He is currently a member of the Board of Governors of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

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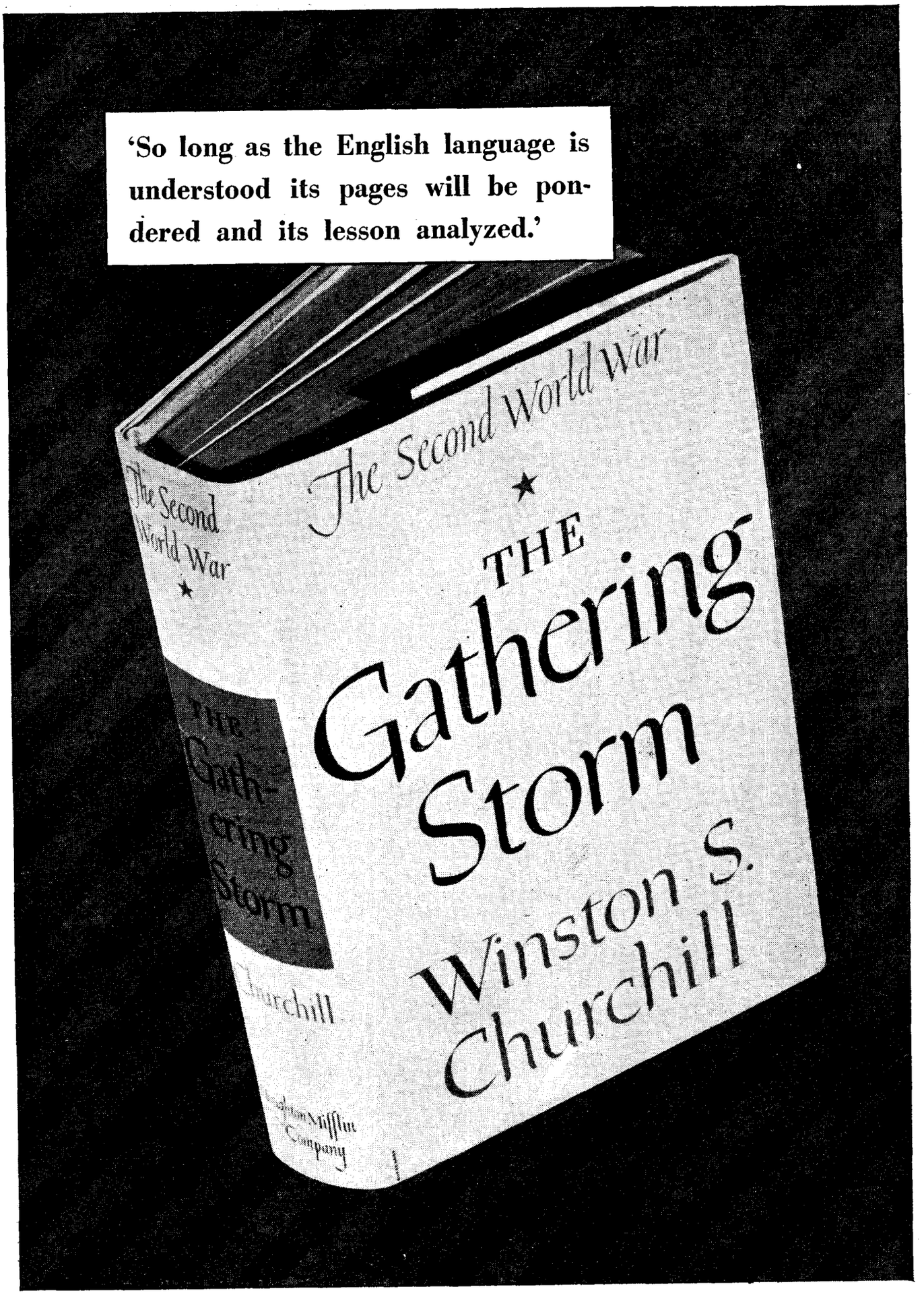

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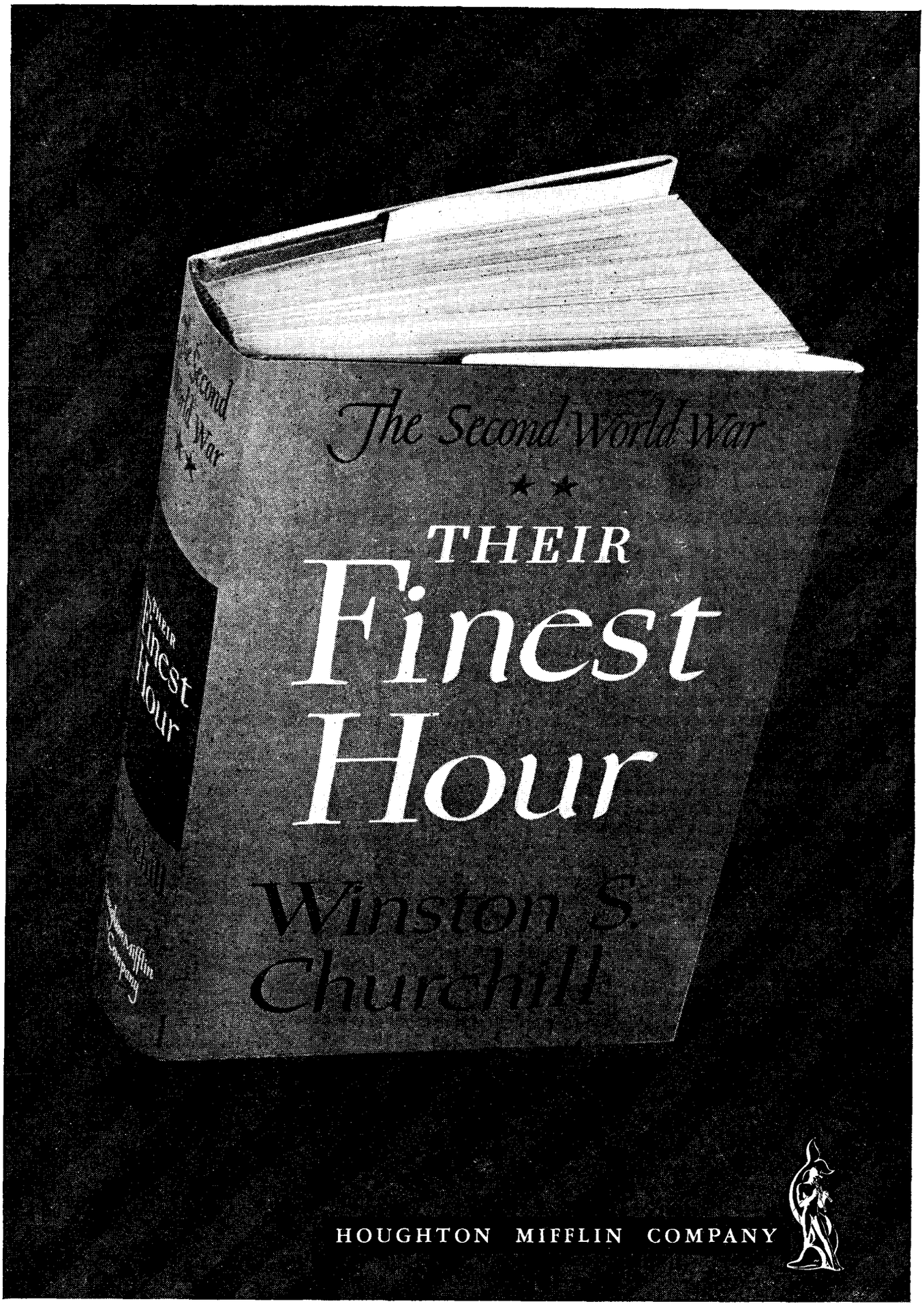

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The World.

Conditions in two nations which continue to engage the attention of thoughtful Americans are illuminated by a pair of books reviewed this week. The situation in Israel, newest and yet one of the oldest of nations, is described in Quentin Reynolds's "Leave It to the People." A peep under the Iron Curtain, and particularly into the USSR's military machine, is provided by Fred Virski's "My Life in the Red Army." A good deal of the value of both books lies in the fact that they approach complex subjects through the eyes of individual human beings. . . . Economics is a topic that usually eludes attempts to personalize it. But Clair Wilcox, one of the architects of the Havana Charter, has written lucidly and persuasively about this latest attempt to encourage commercial relations in a free world in "A Charter for World Trade."

Democracy's Best Bet

LEAVE IT TO THE PEOPLE. By Quentin Reynolds. New York: Random House. 1949. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

WITH energetic journalistic enterprise and customary speed, Quentin Reynolds last year whizzed into Israel, while it was still a much embattled Palestine, and breezily recorded his observations, not only of the outstanding figures of the Jewish revolt but of a great many of the plain people. Neither his current dispatches nor his present book represented any profound study of principles and policies. They marked rather, a rapid, bouncing journey through an extraordinarily interesting land at a most dangerous time, with many contrasts and many impressions. That they were almost universally favorable to the Israeli and, of necessity, wholly hostile to the opposition is unfortunate, for they lead Mr. Reynolds to some very sweeping conclusions, with few qualifications. Few of Israel's advocates can surpass him in admiration for the young nation's techniques.

Besides the chapters on Israel are other studies, recording the author's rapid and eventful progress through Germany, France, Italy, Norway, and the Netherlands, with momentary pauses to draw a swift portrait of an occasional celebrity and to record a memorable experience.

The portraits in Israel include a number of vivid sketches of men much in the public news, yet not well known to us as individual beings. This is true, in the case of some of the leaders of the revolt, because they were much sought after by the police at the time and could not be identified by name or even so accurately described as to expose them unnecessarily to arrest. Such for example is "Big Isaac," of whom his pursuers then knew little except that he was big and blond and dangerous. Mr. Reynolds's sympathy for the revolt was so well known that he was able to make the contact and to record here a lively picture of an extremely tough customer. Likewise with Beigin, the Irgun leader.

It was an easier quest of Col. David Marcus, the competent and devoted soldier now buried at West Point, where he was educated, for this was a one-time American regular with wide Army acquaintances of whom he was eager to hear more. It was relatively easy to meet Ben-Gurion, whose task as civilian chief made him accessible to many.

But Mr. Reynolds likes plain people, anywhere, as his earlier narratives have demonstrated many times, and no less interesting than his portrayals of a few celebrities are his tales of unknowns—particularly of the plain soldiers of the Israeli, quitting their daily livings to do their assigned jobs under arms and then industriously going back to finish the day's work. His praise of their courage and, equally, of their unsuspected fitness as fighting men is unrestrained, and these are matters in which the author has more experience than most.

The book bursts with anecdotes, most of them lively, some on the rowdy side, some extremely droll. One of the best of his minor characters is an English commercial aviator, with a good deal of zeal for the revolt in Israel, who in the hard days used his airplane and his wits to smuggle to Palestine both men and materiel, straight out of London in many cases. His technique was odd. He could, of course, get no permit to carry military personnel to a rebellious land, or to carry weapons anywhere. So he made application for permits to fly to Athens, and to carry civilians with only their personal baggage. The odd thing was, he explained, that he always got confused in his navigation and kept finding himself coming down, not at Athens but at Tel Aviv. Meantime, if he fell asleep, one or more of his passengers was able to handle the plane for him. And when the plane came to ground, incredibly the passengers' baggage seemed to be made up exclusively of weapons.

The remaining chapters portray the American police chief in Berlin, Carlucci, and tell of that shrewd and bold operator some of the book's best stories; recite admiringly some wartime items in the life of ex-Queen Wilhelmina; and some hastily gathered items of the Berlin air-lift, of Paris, and of Norway. The title comes from the author's defense of "people," everywhere. He favors them, and thinks them to be the largest hope of democracy itself, which he refuses to believe is dead even in Russia. "If we leave it to the people I believe they will eventually embrace our concept of democracy in every country of Europe." More strength to the hope.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Otway: "Venice Preserved." 2. Milton: "L'Allegro." 3. Herford: "Adam's Crystal Ale." 4. Whitman: "O Captain, My Captain." 5. Coleridge: "Youth and Age." 6. Pope: "Essay on Man." 7. Franklin: "Poor Richard's Almanac." 8. Shakespeare: "King Lear." 9. Dryden: "The Secular Masque." 10. Markham: "The Man with the Hoe." 11. Wordsworth: "Intimations of Immortality." 12. Cowper: "Conversation." 13. Hood: "The Bridge of Sighs." 14. Raleigh: "Historie of the World." 15. Lyly: "Cupid and Campaspe." 16. Tennyson: "The Lotus Eaters." 17. Read: "Sheridan's Ride." 18. O. Henry: "The Gift of the Magi." 19. Byron: "Childe Harold." 20. Scott: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

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Free Global Market

A CHARTER FOR WORLD TRADE. By Clair Wilcox. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 333 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

CLAIR WILCOX is the man who knows about the Havana Charter, the proposed fundamental law of trade for the free world. He was vice-chairman of the United States Delegation at the Havana Conference. In this book he explains to Americans the history of the charter, its advantages for the United States, and why the American public should support its ratification by Congress. The volume contains the full text of the charter in an appendix, with an index, a reader's guide, and a hundred-page analysis of the various provisions.

The general reader who is willing to take an intelligent interest in the International Trade Organization may find that the easiest approach to Dr. Wilcox's book will be through Part III, an appraisal of the commitments involved in our acceptance of the charter and the escape clauses, with a chapter on common American criticisms and objections. Thereafter it might be well to read the charter itself, and then proceed to the author's analysis.

Dr. Wilcox believes that the United States got most of what our negotiators wanted at Havana. We imposed "liberal" trade principles on a reluctant world, in theory, having only to concede escape clauses that will allow other nations to take practical measures where liberal principles will not work. What more could we expect? At least the free nations have agreed to an ideal of expanding trade.

The charter goes for many-sided trade as against barter, bilateral agreements, special preferences, and discrimination. This was the American idea of a free, competitive market—no special credit to us now that we are the strongest competitor. "Discrimination" is largely a protection against American goods and dollar shortage, and against the export of an American depression, if we have one. The other nations promise to give up this protection if we do not make life too hard for them.

The other great American idea is that the development of backward countries should not be pushed by protective quotas or exchange controls, or even by tariffs that would too much inconvenience the industrial nations. Naturally the less developed countries objected violently, but were more or less pacified with escape clauses. The principle was established that a country must not make a dollar shopping-list, cutting out luxuries to buy machinery, unless its list is approved by the selling countries.

Dr. Wilcox is possibly too logical in his attitude towards trade. He believes that materials and goods should be produced where they can be produced most economically, that the more trade the better, and that efficiency outranks security. This was the American position at Havana. One may sympathize with the smaller countries in their desire for more security and for a bit of self-sufficiency, without wanting therefore to join with Communists and isolationists in opposition to the charter. Dr. Wilcox shows good reasons for general acceptance of the charter, which, if it is not in the most ideal form, has flexibility that will allow the member states to adapt it to their needs.

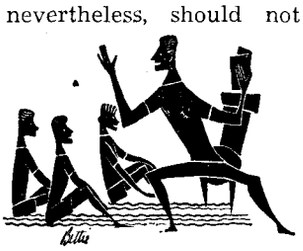
Propaganda Under Analysis

THE LANGUAGE OF POLITICS. By Harold D. Lasswell and Nathan C. Leites. New York: George W. Stewart. 1949. 432 pp. $5.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD W. DOOB

AT the beginning of the last war, Professor Lasswell gathered into the Library of Congress a group of scholars who set for themselves the task of analyzing various propaganda materials. It was necessary to evolve precise, quantitative methods of analysis, for the materials were so voluminous that valid conclusions could not be drawn from casual contacts with them. This volume compiles conveniently some of the important studies produced by that "Experimental Division for the Study of Wartime Communications."

The book is divided into three parts. The introductory section cogently urges that the style and content of political discourses are worthy of analysis, and it states the case for quantification as well as it has ever been stated. As usual, Lasswell delivers numerous profundities that are original and startling, but—because they are either undocumented or merely buttressed with esoteric anecdotes—after further meditation they often lose their glamour. He also requires the unfortunate reader to learn his private vocabulary, a vocabulary that tends to fluctuate more than it remains consistent from one Lasswell book to the next. The second part is brilliantly methodological and filled with statistical formulas. It can have little direct appeal to the general reader. He who despises quantification, nevertheless, should not shy away from this section. If he ever examines political propaganda, he should realize that he usually must sample the materials, he must decide whether his own impressions are valid, and—if he is honest—he will certainly ask himself whether anyone else who reads the sources will agree with him. This stiff statistical dose, in short, need not be swallowed completely, and yet it can gently purge even the casual citizen of some subjectivity and impressionism. The final part demonstrates in intriguing detail how quantification actually has been employed: it has been introduced into the courtroom to determine to what extent a defendant is or is not following Nazi or Communist themes; it has aided the historian and political scientist to study propaganda and policy trends in the USSR and the Third International.



Unfortunately this notable book is spoiled by two blemishes. It has been carelessly edited. Each of the contributors has his own jargon which may or may not be the same as, or relatable to Lasswell's terminology. Before the language of politics is analyzed, the language of the analysis itself should be standardized.

Is it sufficient, it may be asked, to employ an exquisitely complicated tool like content analysis in purely pragmatic fashion? Perhaps yes, just as statistics itself is utilized whenever there are practical or academic reasons to do so. This volume, however, purports to provide insight into the language of politics, but neither Lasswell nor his collaborators—who frequently burst forth with their own theories—offer a coherent theoretical framework in which to appraise the tool. It never shows how quantifying language from the past furnishes anything more than quantified history. It neglects even actuarial generalizations that might help in the present and future. At the very least, though, gratitude for being provided with an improved measuring instrument must be joyfully expressed.

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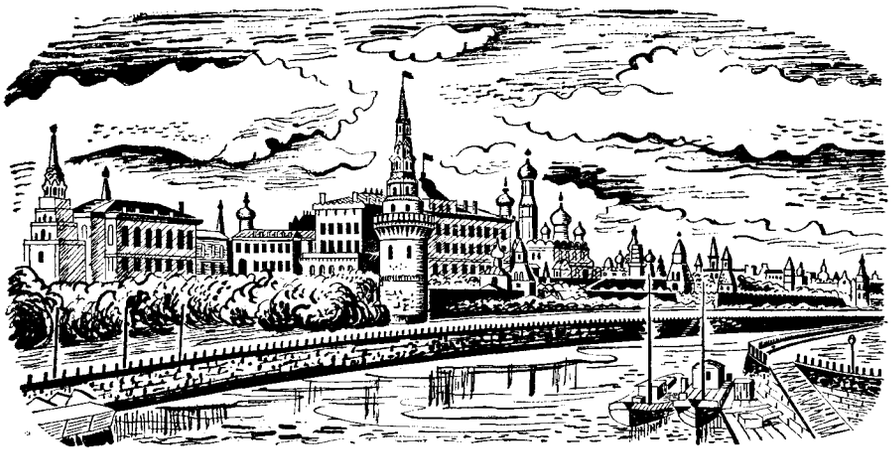

From Soviet Star to Polish Eagle

MY LIFE IN THE RED ARMY. By Fred Virski. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 260 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HARCAVE

IN 1939 Molotov, Ribbentrop, and war moved the Soviet boundary westward into Poland; and Fred Virski, a twenty-year-old Pole beginning his university career, therefore moved eastward. At first the move was only political, as he and his fellow inhabitants of Lwów came under the Soviet aegis. In 1940, however, he was conscripted into the Red Army and began an actual eastward journey which was to end two years later in Tashkent, where he replaced the Soviet star on his military cap with the Polish eagle.

That two-year journey from Lwów to Tashkent is the basis for one of the most readable books on life in the USSR published since John Scott's "Behind the Urals." As a Red Armyman, Virski saw more of prewar and wartime Russia than have most writers on the subject. He received his basic training in Odessa. A brief tour of disorganized duty in the newly annexed Bessarabia was followed by artillery practice at a range near Dniepropetrovsk. Then the Germans struck, and Virski found himself in the midst of fighting on the rapidly crumbling southern front. By his own account, he fought well but intermittently, taking advantage of the first months of confusion to choose his military unit as he saw fit. That was often possible when organized units were destroyed or dispersed, and loss of memory or papers could be made to cover many sins.

The news that Moscow was permitting the formation of a Polish Army on Soviet soil decided Virski's course. When his attempts to secure a transfer to the Polish Army were fouled up in Red Army tape, he decided on desertion. With an amazing amount of luck, pluck, and unofficial Russian aid, he arrived in Tashkent simultaneously with official "wanted for desertion" posters. One step ahead of the NKVD, he joined the Polish forces heading, not for the front, but, because of Soviet-Polish difficulties, for Iran.

There the narrative ends. Readers may hope that some day the writer will continue it with the details of following years: his service with the Polish Army, his year at the University of Rome, and his coming to reside in the United States.

"My Life in the Red Army" is not an exposé of the Red Army nor a survey of the Soviet-Polish problem; it is the story of Fred Virski. That is its virtue. He was a Pole who disliked the Soviet regime and the Russian way of life, but his chief preoccupation was with Fred Virski —how to keep him alive, close to his fellow conscripts from Lwów, and as comfortable as the circumstances of Soviet military life would permit. He did his job as he saw it, living from day to day in the knowledge that in those years no one could read the future. What he saw, felt, and heard is the substance of his story.

Virski offers no advice on doing business with Stalin nor comments on the state of collectivization in Kazakhstan. He does tell the people he met. In his estimation, almost all of the Russians and other Soviet citizens whom he encountered were kind, friendly, and somewhat indifferent to the letter of regulations. Discipline in the Red Army was, at least on occasion, haphazardly enforced. He found it apparently easy to temper the rigors of military life with amorous escapades, which he describes in a lusty but not offensive fashion. Excessive military drill was not for him. On occasion, he ducked out of long military runs into nearby taverns and caught up with the pack on the last lap.

Although Virski happily offers no generalizations concerning his experiences, one gets the impression that the chief sources of Soviet weakness are apathy and inefficiency rather than political opposition; after a generation of Soviet power, the Soviet citizen does not yet meet all the specifications of the plan. One feels that if the state were to end tomorrow, large masses of Russians would return to their age-old patterns of peasant life with little more than a shrug of the shoulders.

"My Life in the Red Army" is simply but effectively written. Some of the episodes have a Munchausen quality; nevertheless, it is an eminently worthwhile work, from which emerges a very real and likable human being.

Venetian Gateway, Muggia

(For Signorina Armanda Kaucich)

By John Ackerson

THROUGH crenels force red stains of poppies, arch
Still flaunts the moon-faced lion, front paw thrust
Upon the open book, as great walls march
On either hand, a massive surge; and small
The brown, slim girl beneath who sings that dust
Awaits, men pass, and every stone must fall.

I hear, and greet the moment, give my smile
To senile beast, eroded stone, and bloom
Detached, for through the gate I see an isle
Of greenery, a spring's clear bounty run
Till lustrous water brims the sculptured tomb
And mirrors children laughing in the sun.

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Americana. *In the circles which concern themselves with exploring and perpetuating our national heritage, it is fashionable to lament that the first century and a half of our history on this continent—"the colonial period"—has fallen into sad neglect. Yet, thanks to such scholarly enterprises as the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg, Virginia, during the past fifteen years there has been a great renaissance of interest in that epoch. Three books reviewed below are, directly or indirectly, outgrowths of the movement: a new edition of Dr. Alexander Hamilton's 1744 travel diary, "Gentlemen's Progress"; Frederick B. Tolles's report on the Quaker merchants of Philadelphia, "Meeting House and Counting House"; and an edition of the autobiography of the celebrated physician, Benjamin Rush. . . . Margaret Thorp's "Female Persuasion" profiles six nineteenth-century feminist leaders.*

Little Amazons

FEMALE PERSUASION: Six Strong-Minded Women. By Margaret Farrand Thorp. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1949. 253 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ADRIENNE KOCH

LONG before the term "career woman" had settled into our language habits, a few outstanding nineteenth-century women of extraordinary moral fiber had to work to win full membership for their sex in the race of human beings. Not that "strong-minded women" (a not-too-happy phrase) were lacking in the days of the colonial settlers or the time of the new American Republic—far from it. It would be hard to outdo the conviction of an Anne Hutchinson in her head-on clash with Massachusetts theocracy; or to surpass the intellectual reach of an Abigail Adams, who was nevertheless disposed to peer into the great world from the confines of "the woman's sphere." But the "freedom and equality" proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence found a bevy of female spokesmen only in the past century.

Margarent Farrand Thorp, in "Female Persuasion," offers six interesting biographical essays on the courageous but more conservative behavior of the human female of the "bloomer" or near-bloomer set. The six chosen for sympathetic presentation are not, by any means, the greatest American women of the period, nor the strongest of the "strong-minded." Five are Northerners—Catherine Beecher, Jane Swisshelm, Amelia Bloomer (who drank of the cup of ridicule to provide women comfortable dress in the shape of Turkish pantaloons), "Grace Greenwood" (Sara Lippincott), and Maria Child—and there is one Southern accent, provided by Louisa McCord. The author's choice seems to have been conditioned by the wish to explore the lesser-known reformers and writers. Women like Margaret Fuller have, it is true, been lavishly exploited by literary historians in the past; and suffragettes like Susan Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton have been, perhaps deservedly, consigned to a static "fame" as symbols of a movement, or to persistent caricature. And while the six women who are the subject of this book are not in all instances winning or even compelling, their lives do enrich the social history of America; while together they demonstrate a genuinely American spirit of moral earnestness, active labor for what is considered "right," and heroic exertions in wartime emergency or in critical junctures when their principles were threatened by defeat. As one of the six declared: "I never work on the winning side"—by choice, she meant. Had the ladies contributed only this sentiment alone to the America later castigated for worshipping the "bitch goddess Success," their labors would not have been in vain.

The literary persuasions of these energetic ladies, as the quotations in this volume bear out, are deservedly forgotten. Romantic fiction, journalism with a "message," theological controversy, home-making literature, abolitionist polemics are rarely conducive to literary or intellectual excellence. But the messages (for they were several) have clearly lived to conquer America: comfortable dress for the ladies (without hooting boys to snowball the wearers); moral and intellectual education available for "females"; vocational opportunity dependent only upon ability (the latter accepted in principle, although practice is still discriminatory in favor of the male animal); the abolition of slavery; the suffrage. So thoroughly have these causes prevailed that some of them already have an antique sound.

Several incidental features of the thematic material offered are fresh. For one thing, these intrepid ladies were all, at some point, romantically engaged and almost all married. Almost all married badly; but bad or good, the husbands themselves deserve credit for enormous courage and patience.

A misconception that it is time to clear up concerns the popular image of the Amazon: the large, tall, aggressive, managerial woman. Mrs. Thorp's "strong-minded women" are almost all *little* women—the most fiery of all, Jane Swisshelm, being a shade under five feet! To this let everyone attach the significance he may choose.

—From *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, courtesy Culver Service.

A "Bloomer" (in Leap Year)—"Say! oh, say, dearest, will you be mine!"

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The Colonies in 1744

GENTLEMAN'S PROGRESS: The Itinerarium of Dr. Alexander Hamilton, 1744. Edited, with an introduction by Carl Bridenbaugh. Published for the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1948. 267 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN THE midst of King George's War, and in the year before the capture of Louisbourg, a Scottish physician residing in Maryland embarked on a 1,600-mile journey for his health. Riding from Annapolis to Philadelphia and New York, making a voyage by sloop to Albany and back, and traversing Long Island and lower New England on horseback, he finally found himself lodged for a ten days' sojourn at a boarding-house on Beacon Hill in Boston. Thence he returned more directly to his starting point. He was benefited by getting away from the summer heat of Annapolis, and especially enjoyed the bracing air of Newport. He found entertainment in the variety of constitutions, complexions, and governments in the various colonies. The northern provinces he found better settled and better governed than Maryland, while the people had a higher standard of living. "As to politeness and humanity," he writes, "they are much alike except in the great towns, where the inhabitants are more civilized, especially at Boston."

This travel journal, while not as humorous and lively as the earlier and shorter book by Madame Knight, is decidedly more informative, and its rescue from complete obscurity by the Williamsburg Institute is a happy achievement. The only previous printing was in a very small, privately-issued edition distributed by the collector William K. Bixby to his friends. Important libraries have lacked a copy. Yet no one who wishes to know how the people of the Middle Colonies and New England lived, dressed, ate, talked, jested, chicaned, and generally behaved or misbehaved can find a better source. For the historical novelist it will be a mine of precise and amusing information.

The note of the "Itinerarium" is human interest. Dr. Hamilton, an urbane, sociable, keen-minded young man, educated at the University of Edinburgh, delighted in observing people. Every tavern-keeper, farmer, Quaker merchant, boatswain, parson, and housewife is given a graphic descriptive touch, and many speeches are reported verbatim. A dialogue overheard at Kingstown, N. J., among two Irishmen, a Scotsman, and a Jew, touching the authority of the Old Testament, is as good as a page from Smollett. The three-page picture of the company, talk, and pursuits met at a tavern in New York is equally good. Newport the diarist found as remarkable for pretty women as Albany was for ugly ones. Albany, however, was redeemed by the painter Feke, occupying the handsomest mansion Hamilton had seen in America, and by a Philosophical Society where the conversation dwelt on highly unphilosophical topics. Reaching Boston, the doctor gives equal space to a diversion called "hauling the fox" and the library of Harvard College, and records with pleasure that after calling at the

Physical Club, he fell into chat with Mr. Robert Lightfoot and other gentlemen. "Our discourse began upon philosophy and concluded in a smutty strain."

While the staple of the book is personal description and reporting of conversations, Dr. Hamilton does not fail to make general observations of value. He points out the wide gulf between urban and country manners, some of the rustics being very boorish indeed. He was struck, like all travelers of that and later periods, by the bold, impudent independence shown by the Yankees, who had no such respect for class lines as Virginians or Marylanders. He observed the steady growth of trade; in Boston the better people were delightfully hospitable to all strangers save rival merchants—"for of them they are jealous." The fact that fortunes were being made in the Northeast by privateering upon the French does not escape him. His pages show how briskly people were now circulating from colony to colony; how many social, political, and quasi-scientific clubs and assemblies existed in the large towns to help disseminate ideas; and how steadily two distinct attitudes toward the crown were taking form, one loyal, the other critical. Most of his journey he enjoyed. But one colony was too much for him. "Farewell, Connecticut," he exclaimed as he passed Rye Bridge. "I have had a surfeit of your ragged money, rough roads, and enthusiastic people." And in New York he frankly admitted that, drinking till he was "pretty well flushed," he found the local "toapers" too much for even a Scot.

Americana Notes

MEETING HOUSE AND COUNTING HOUSE, by Frederick B. Tolles. University of North Carolina Press. $5. John Woolman refused when sore athirst to drink from a silver cup; other strict Quakers frowned on the ostentation of oil portraits and had their silhouettes cut instead; and even when James Logan built a Georgian house as handsome as the Byrds'. "Westover" he gave it plain doors instead of the fan-lights and scrollwork of the Virginia mansion. The best Friends always felt divided between an austere pursuit of the Inner Light and a businesslike exploitation of the virtues of Thrift and Enterprise. Most of them made an efficient compromise. They learned how to combine plainness with property. Frederick B. Tolles describes their success in making sure of good things in both this world and the next in "Meeting House and Counting House." A sly vein of humor runs through the book—and yet it is entirely respectful. After all, a sect which practises economy, sobriety, industry, honesty, dependability, and enterprise, which devotes itself largely to trade, whose members constantly aid each other, and which channels its intellectual curiosity into science, can hardly fail of success. Mr. Tolles's chapter on eighteenth-century Quaker grandees shows what a delightful body the Pennsylvania aristocracy was. Their wealth by 1774 quite overwhelmed the puritanical John Adams, and laid the foundations of modern Philadelphia.

EARLY DAYS OF OIL, by Paul H. Giddens. Princeton University Press. $6. It is just ninety years since "Colonel" Drake lent the oil industry its dramatic start at Titusville. That industry has changed the face of America, and deserves all the historical attention the country will give it. Its early years in northwestern Pennsylvania were gaudily picturesque. That hilly, forested region filled with an excited population of adventurers, merchants, mechanics, and investors; slopes blossomed in every direction

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with derricks; creeks and rivers ran black with oil; teamsters, boatmen, railroads, and pipe-lines vied to solve the problem of transportation; boom towns rose, flourished, and died; and by 1870 petroleum millionaires were a familiar feature of the social landscape. Paul H. Giddens, author of the standard work on the birth of the industry, has now brought out an admirable illustrated history of these first wonderful decades. Even in the early Sixties photographers as well as illustrators were busy in the oil regions. In consequence we have a strikingly clear and full record of the various phases of industrial growth: the drilling, the loading of oil fleets and oil trains, the frantic rushes to new sites like Pithole, the torpedoing of wells, the growth of business offices, the rise of such magnates as Lewis Emery, Byron D. Benson, and John D. Rockefeller, and the development of Bradford and Titusville into cities of dignity and elegance. Dr. Giddens's text is expert and readable. The book, which represents an immense amount of work in pictorial sources, is a model of its kind. We badly need similar volumes for other American industries—iron and steel, for example.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN RUSH, edited by George W. Corner. Princeton University Press. $6. Dr. Benjamin Rush did not write one of the great American autobiographies. His "Travels through Life," as the book was originally called, was too verbose, prejudiced, and fragmentary to take high rank. Nevertheless, the eminent Philadelphian had so interesting a career, knew so many great men from Washington and Franklin down to Robert Morris and James Wilson, and took such original views of both science and politics, that his record of his adventures has enduring value. We are indebted to the American Philosophical Society, and in particular to Mr. Corner, for the first really satisfactory edition ever published. Using the original manuscripts, restoring many expurgated passages, and adding the voluminous commonplace book of the author 1789-1813, Mr. Corner has given us a volume full of meat and interest. Three parts of the work are specially notable—the delightfully fresh narrative of Dr. Rush's student days at the University of Edinburgh, the character sketches of members of the Continental Congress and other Revolutionary patriots, and the story of his part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In addition, we have many brief glimpses of remarkable people, ranging from David Hume and Joseph Priestley to Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. —ALLAN NEVINS.

Religion. *Two members of Roman Catholic orders whose names are familiar to Catholics and non-Catholics alike are authors of important books of the week. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen is widely known for his weekly radio sermons, his conversion of many prominent Americans to Catholicism, and his almost forty published volumes. His latest book, "Peace of Soul" (which may well outsell any of his earlier efforts), is a Catholic answer to the problem Rabbi Liebman analyzed three years ago in the still popular "Peace of Mind." Thomas Merton has won an ever-widening circle of admirers through his verse since he became a Trappist monk a few years ago; his autobiographical "Seven Storey Mountain" is one of the largest selling books of the day. His new book, "Seeds of Contemplation," our reviewer says is a "primer of higher prayer."*

Before Peace of Mind

PEACE OF SOUL. By Fulton J. Sheen. New York: Whittlesey House. 1949. 292 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE title of this book prompts an immediate and obvious association with "Peace of Mind," that phenomenal best seller by another distinguished clergyman, the late Rabbi Liebman. If the wide distribution of that book is at all indicative of the general search for tranquillity, this one is bound to be the object of a great deal of attention.

"Peace of Mind," judging from its popularity, would seem to have met the needs of many who wanted a reconciliation of some forms of modern scientific thought with their inherited or acquired religious forms. Others were left unsatisfied by what they felt was a somewhat secular and superficial treatment of deeply-felt but bewildering spirituality.

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen—"tensions, conflicts, and anxiety are the results of our departure from God."

These latter, who may or may not have heard some of this book's material in its author's radio sermons, will be drawn to the basic premise that there must be peace of soul before there can be peace of mind. "The two are not the same: peace of soul implies tranquillity of order, with material things ordered to the body, the body to the soul, the personality to God. Peace of mind is subjective tranquillity—a narrower thing."

Not all readers will find fulfillment of the title's promise, but in any event they will glimpse a Catholic point of view on how one faith resolves some of its holders' mental conflicts and frustrations. It is a point of view extremely skeptical of the value of psychoanalysis, particularly as practised by the disciples of Freud. While a limited usefulness is granted to psychiatry, the admission seems a grudging one—if anything, a little too grudging. Certainly many Catholic clergy and laymen would seem ready to accept more of the insights of psychology as we know them than would Monsignor Sheen. In this connection, however, certain practices of the Church which bear outward resemblances to psychological techniques and concepts are differentiated. Confession and psychoanalysis, remorse and repentance, examination of conscience, and examination of the subconscious, these appear at times to Catholic and non-Catholic as similar things. Actually there are familiar remark of the intellectual from theological and from secular angles.

Besides Freud, Marx and the Communists come in for their well-deserved share of criticism. To the familiar remark of the intellectual that Marxism is his opiate, there is added the frustrated who are look-

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ing outlets for their own confusion.

Tensions, conflicts, and anxiety which have been the subject of discussion by everybody from Cyril Connelly to Dale Carnegie are the results of our departure from God according to Monsignor Sheen. Every other interpretation is only a secondary characteristic of this basic cause, which has led to a confusion of desires and the resulting age of anxiety. Guilt complexes and all the others in the same category will be assuaged only as men restore a hierarchy of values in which the highest is the striving for eternity. For unless souls are saved, nothing is saved; disordered in soul, man finds disorder in nature and the bomb; from conflict with himself comes would conflict and war.

This thesis will be acceptable to those who share the author's faith. To them the book is a semi-devotional tract, drawing for illustration and proof from the Catholic Christian tradition and from those who have discovered the special validity of certain of its parts. Since it begins with premises which others have not accepted, for them it must be a statement of how some at least may find the peace of soul all are looking for. The value they will find will be greater, however, than the ratio of their beliefs to the authors.

Henrician Reformation

HENRY VIII AND THE REFORMATION. By H. Maynard Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 480 pp. $8.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

NO other king of England lives so vividly in the popular imagination as Henry VIII, or so variously in the pages of historians. Even now, four centuries after his death, we picture him more clearly than any of his successors, and argue about him more bitterly. Was he the besotted slave of his passions, or a farsighted, statesmanlike king, or a cunning, cruel, hypocritical ogre? It is certain that he changed the history of England as no other one man changed it, from William the Conqueror to Winston Churchill. But how much of the religious and social revolution he brought about was deliberately willed, how much was accidental, how much an inevitable response to changing needs and times? These questions have been passionately disputed for 400 years, and although we know all we are ever likely to know of the relevant facts they still await a satisfactory, coherent interpretation.

This book is a fresh attempt to provide such an interpretation. Some years ago, in a book called "Pre-Reformation England," Dr. Maynard Smith showed how sadly the English Church had come to need reform by the reign of Henry VIII. Now he demonstrates, one is tempted to say conclusively, how largely reform, when it did come, was determined by the personal will of the king, by his foreign politics and his domestic intrigues, and above all by his passion for Anne Boleyn. This is the view commonly advanced by critics of the Church of England, and commonly repudiated by its admirers. It may be a surprise to find an English clergyman of the Establishment giving such prominence to an argument from the quiver of the enemy. But Canon Smith does not write Church history to attack or to defend, but to foster understanding. Apparently, with Bishop Thirlwall, he is "willing to let the Church of England take its chances with the truth," and is concerned simply to exhibit the events of the religious crisis of the sixteenth century as nearly as possible in their just perspective, giving due weight both to the passions and aims and quirks of character of the major actors, and to the intellectual currents, the conflicts of economic interest, and the deep, underlying, popular religious feelings which inevitably conditioned the outcome.

He packs both the political and the religious sections of his survey with deft miniatures of the famous and the obscure, with telling phrases, meaty judgments, and brilliant analyses of character, among which the pivotal ten pages on the most baffling and complex character of all, Henry VIII himself, are a little masterpiece. But his chief effort is always towards a final view unclouded by partisanship or prejudice, towards a just, impartial, rational judgment on each controversial event. His success in achieving a logically coherent series of such judgments, many of them both shrewd and original, gives his account of the Henrician Reformation its special clarity and persuasiveness, and makes it about the best guide you could hope to find to an understanding of one of the most critical episodes in the history of the English cultural tradition.

Garrett Mattingly is professor of history at Columbia University. He is the author of a biography of Catherine of Aragon and also of several other studies of the Tudor period of English history as well.

Yellow-Leg Plovers

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

SUMMER has reached high-water mark,
Down from the sun falls spark on spark,
Out of the sky too high to see
Wild flutes drop music down to me.

Four notes so lovely brief they stay
After their sweetness dies away,
High in the azure lingering,
The yellow-legs are on the wing.

And down the plovers drop to sight
In W's of effortless flight,
They skim along the fringe of sand,
And like a scale of notes they land.

In unison in the fierce sun
On golden wires for legs they run,
All dipping beaks and lilting tails
Like a fleet of sequent sails.

To a razor's temper thinned,
Living sculptures of the wind,
They bow and bob so fluent fleet
They do without the use of feet.

They swing in with this wave and sweep
Out with that towards the deep,
On rainbows in the sand they trace
Changing scallops of live lace.

And all together, at no sign,
They wheel into air in flawless line
Rise, return into the sun,
Turn flutes, and die out one by one.

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Into the First Heaven of Paradise

SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION. By Thomas Merton. New York: New Directions. 1949. 201 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

WE were created for joy and not pleasure, Thomas Merton reminds us. "If you do not know the difference between pleasure and joy, you have not yet begun to live." In "Seeds of Contemplation" he not only makes the difference clear, but points out a path to pure joy as arrived at through mystical experience of God.

Mr. Merton's new volume, an impressive example of symbolic bookcraft, is the spiritual sequel to his "The Seven Storey Mountain." It is, to carry on the Dante allegory, a brief look over the summit into the first heaven of Paradise. In the epilogue of his autobiographical drama of the interior life the young Trappist monk discussed the superiority of the contemplative religious vocation. Now, on a more metaphysical plane, he extends that discussion. "Seeds of Contemplation" may be regarded as a primer of higher prayer and, in a rudimentary sense, a philosophy of the contemplative way.

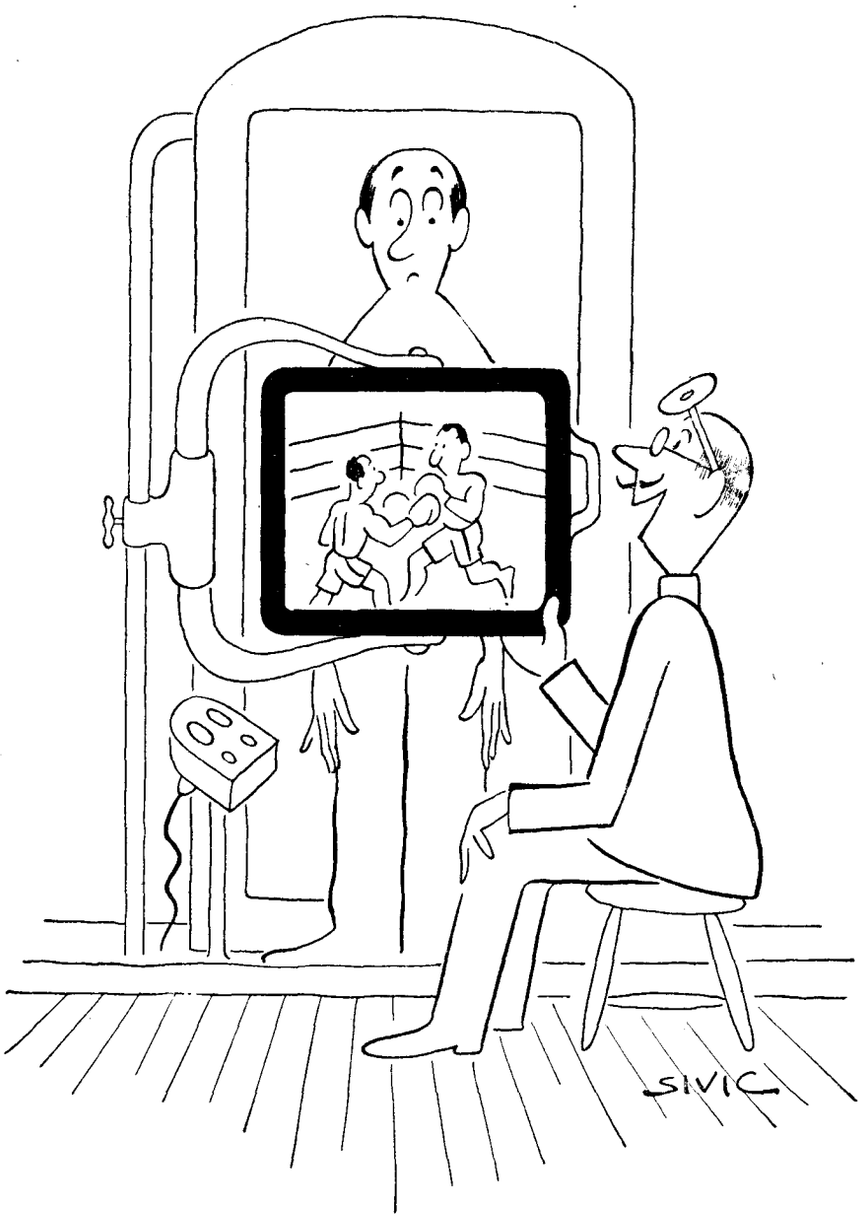
It may sound presumptuous for a novice contemplative to venture so confidently to the luminous heights scaled by Teresa of Avila, John of the Cross, and a few other great mystics in the Western tradition. And it is presumptuous, unless you take into consideration the modesty and charity of the author's aim. Mr. Merton, Frater Louis in monastic life, makes no claim to originality. He deals with his subject on an elementary level and in restricted compass. He is the humble sower of seeds—"more or less disconnected thoughts and ideas and aphorisms about the interior life." The book could have been written by any monk, he declares. The fact that this author happens to have written it does not make much difference one way or the other.

But it does, and a considerable difference, especially to the average layman. It is heartening and comforting to realize that the zealous Trappist who would help others share "the simple light and silence in which God is known without words or concepts" was, only seven or eight years ago, a man like the rest of men, neither better perhaps nor worse. He was no withdrawn ascetic, no hair-shirted prophet born out of his time, but a sophisticated worldling who lived, loved, drank, and collected hot records just about like a good many other college students in the final decade of the pre-Hiroshima age.

Contemporaneity invests this book with special significance for the modern reader. When Mr. Merton deplores "the cosmic inhumanity of atomic war" he comes closer to many of today's troubled mortals than the fifteenth-century author of "The Imitation of Christ" whose thoughts are so often echoed in "Seeds of Contemplation." He brings contemplation up to date by comparing it to travel in the stratosphere. Even when he sits in judgment on some of the saints—as indeed he rashly and unreasonably does on noncontemplative religious—he makes a certain amount of sense to the human toilers on this century's global ant hill. "God let [the kinetic saints] get away with it," he comments, with more humor than reverence.

In "Seeds of Contemplation" there are poetic passages with the crystalline quality that characterizes the author's early verse. As a matter of fact, the climate of the book, on its own scale and level, suggests something of "the pure emptiness where God's light shone." Atmospherically as well as intrinsically, Mr. Merton's devotional prism has caught reflections from Dante's Beatific Vision.

The author wonders "if there are twenty people alive now who see things as they really are . . . I don't believe that there are twenty such men alive in the world. But there must be one or two. They are the ones who are holding everything together and keeping the universe from falling apart." Perhaps these men will be the subject of Mr. Merton's next book.



"Don't be alarmed—just a little television interference."

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Art. *Thanks to the printing press, the literary treasures of ancient and modern times are available to almost every man at a trifling cost. Thanks to the phonograph and the radio, great music may be heard in any home for a negligible price. But the visual arts are scarcer and dearer. While the works of the masters are reproduced by various processes, the fidelity is seldom true enough to provide a fully satisfactory substitute for the original. The books reviewed below consider, analytically and historically, the manner in which these arts are supported and made accessible to beholders. Francis Henry Taylor's "The Taste of Angels" tells how art was collected from Rameses to Napoleon. Because the museum is essentially a democratic institution, America has taken it to its heart, as Walter Pach demonstrates in "The Art Museum in America."*

Doors to Magic

THE ART MUSEUM IN AMERICA: Its History and Achievement. By Walter Pach. New York: Pantheon Books. 1949. 300 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by HUNTINGTON CAIRNS

MR. PACH'S volume is the best rationale of the American museum, and indeed, of museums generally, that has yet been put forward. The United States now possesses about one quarter of the world's museums; the investment in buildings rose from $36,000,000 in 1910 to $180,000,000 in 1939; twenty million people visit the collections yearly; the works of art that have been assembled rank, in many fields, with the greatest that Europe offers. Yet we are told by such a careful student as Santayana that museums are mausoleums, that the art they exhibit may be something gratuitous and sophisticated, and men's concern about it affectation.

Mr. Pach refuses resolutely to do more than record the fact that the American community wants the museum, and that a large part of what the race knows of magic can be found within its doors. For the present he is prepared to leave to the Freudians and metaphysicians the questions why we desire such institutions and whether the gratification of such a need is sound in morals and taste. He declines even to rest his case upon the argument that the museum is an instrument of education. He denies that it is the primary business of the museum to be educational or to teach; he thinks that we have schools, colleges, and universities for that purpose. He holds that it is enough if the museum exists. It is up to the individual to decide what he personally will do with its contents.

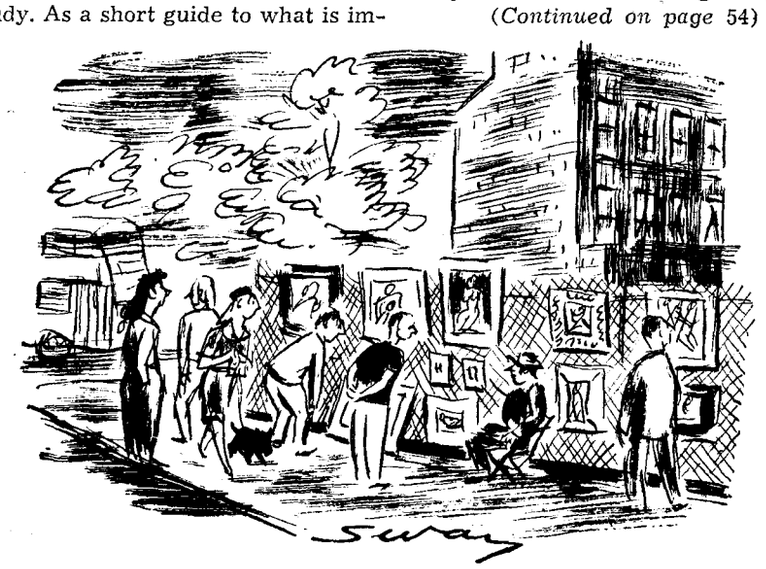
Two chapters of Mr. Pach's book are given over to the history of American museums, with an additional chapter on their achievement. The lesson he draws from our history is that the American museum is not the product of vast American wealth, but owes its existence for the most part to men who were far from wealthy, but who early saw the possibilities in the field, and who were possessed of sufficient determination to take advantage of them. What the future holds for us he thinks is far from clear. Two collections of inferior works have in recent years entered the Louvre because of improper governmental relationships; the Philadelphia and St. Louis museums have been subjected to violent criticism for the purchase of works of art on the ground that the sums involved should have been spent for the material well-being of the community. Within the space he has allowed himself, Mr. Pach's chapter on the achievement of the American museum could not be better. He plainly knows the great and small collections at first hand, and with an intimacy based on years of study. As a short guide to what is important in the American collections as a whole, his account is without a rival. Moreover, it goes further and names the artists who are not as well represented as they should be—Jan Steen, for example.

But the heart of Mr. Pach's volume is his invaluable discussion of the problems which today confront the American museum. He is against the view that the American museum should be the special patron of the contemporary American artist, although he is completely aware of the unique difficulties which the American artist must face. The American museum, he holds, should acquire contemporary works, but only as non-permanent acquisitions. He thinks museums should acquire modern art, but that responsibility for acquisitions should be chargeable to one man who can be held accountable if time shows that his taste is defective. He believes that space must be found in museums for casts as supplementary reference collections. So far as education is concerned, he thinks that the museum should try to attract the public. He does not want a mere increase in attendance because of sensational exhibits. The visitor should want to come through a feeling that he is being led from the known to the unknown. Mr. Pach admits that we need to learn a great deal more than we already know if we are to accomplish that objective.

Mr. Pach's final chapter is an intelligent plea for the recognition of the esthetic qualities of pre-Columbian and other native American art. It seems, however, to go further, and make an extreme application of the theory of the late Ellsworth Huntington and other geographical determinists. I confess that I am unable to grasp Mr. Pach's argument at this point.

No one knows anything well unless they have known it a long time, Jou-

(*Continued on page* 54)



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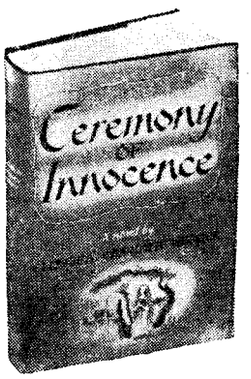

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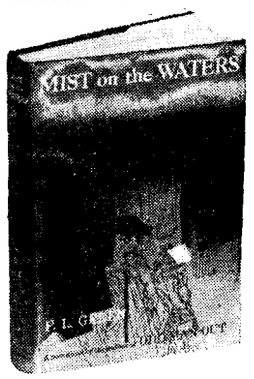

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people tend to glorify the adolescent and youthful too much, and that we do not have time for patience for the mature. I find myself wanting to demur mildly here by saying that it is always the author's obligation to make his material compelling. He has on occasion, it seems to me, failed. But when Mr. La Farge is good (and compelling) as he very often is in these stories, he masterfully succeeds in a number of worthwhile intentions.

Devil in New England

PEACE, MY DAUGHTERS. By Shirley Barker. New York: Crown Publishers. 1949. 248 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

SHIRLEY BARKER, who made a place for herself in the Yale Younger Poets Series, now decidedly makes a place in fiction with "Peace, My Daughters." It is an impressive first novel, boldly conceived and executed with a beauty of style that reflects her other talents.

She writes of the witchcraft hysteria in Salem. In a prefatory note she asks, "Who now could say that the Devil had *not* come to Salem? To believe that he had was quite in line with the thinking of their own day, and who are we to think for another time?" Accordingly, she projects her story on the premises of old Salem. And so great is her narrative skill that we accept these premises. We live through the long nightmare, and we experience the dark power of the Devil in our midst.

Young Remember Winster, a goodwife of the town, holds the center of the picture. It is she who first encounters John Horne, she who first becomes aware of his identity. As much as any other she feels his power, perhaps more for his approach to her is on a different plane. More than any other she fights him.

The Reverend Samuel Parris did not fight. He signed the book and launched the pious purge that has horrified men ever since when they contemplated it. If, in modern times, we wonder how such an aberration could be possible, Miss Barker does much to make us understand. She also does something to make us understand the evil of our own time.

"The seventeenth-century men and women," she says, "saw evidence of an evil force at work in the universe, threatening mankind with confusion and ruin—and they called it 'Satan.' We do not call it Satan, but can we say that we have not seen it?"

We are familiar with many elements in this graphically evoked reign of terror; every man afraid of his neighbor; afraid of his own voice; sons informing against mothers, husbands against wives. We have seen political analogies. We know something of accusations against which there is no defense, which carry conviction in the very utterance; with charges to which no plea is ever admitted save "guilty."

In Salem the deadly word was "Witch." In Germany it was "Jew." In some places close to home they whisper "Communist." Elsewhere, it is "Fascist." The import, the prejudgment, the fanaticism are the same.

These, then, are the devil's works, then and now. As for Miss Barker's handsome John Horne—he is something to every man or woman. For some he is their sadism, their love of inflicting pain, always tastier when spiced with righteousness; he is their pride, their lust, their idleness. They respect him, obey him, abandon themselves wholly to his purposes—for his purposes are always theirs. Meanwhile, they continue, in the author's words, to "make a joyless noise unto the Lord."

"Peace, My Daughters" is swift and exciting, tense with threat and tragedy. It is not without its faults. Miss Barker, having made so bold a premise, overplays her hand occasionally. A few times she skirts perilously near to the tease technique common to a lesser school of fiction with which she has no more traffic than she has with witchcraft. In a book generally so persuasive she strains her readers somewhat unduly at the end. But for all of this, a vigorous talent follows Benét in a modern projection of the Devil's adventures in New England.

—*Michael Miller.*

Shirley Barker: "We do not call it Satan, but can we say that we have not seen it?"

Semi-Divine King

ALEXANDER IN BABYLON. By Jakob Wassermann. New York: Ziff-Davis. 1949. 167 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CLAUDE HILL

THE late Jakob Wassermann, often labeled "the German Dostoievsky," was an uncommonly fertile and prolific writer whose major novels dominated the reading public of most countries in the Twenties and early Thirties of this century. His books, undoubtedly overrated during his lifetime and then all too abruptly forgotten, burned and forbidden by Hitler, are now being revived in Germany with great success. It may be that this new Central-European interest in the Bavarian-Jewish author has prompted an American publisher to offer one of the minor works for the first time. "Alexander in Babylon" was originally published in 1905, when the young novelist was in his early thirties. Decidedly not on the same plane with Wassermann's mature books ("Caspar Hauser," "The World's Illusion," "The Maurizius Case"), this semi-historical short novel is an illuminating document of European neo-romanticism at the turn of the century. While interesting to historians of literature and possibly welcome to the surviving members of the Wassermann community, the slender forty-four-year-old work falls rather flat today.

Having returned from his victorious Indian campaign, Alexander is about to enter Babylon, when his friend and mentor Hephaestion is stricken with the plague. While he watches the death of his dearest companion, the semi-divine king is shaken at the roots of his personality. Realizing the meaning and finality of death for the first time, he undergoes a slow disintegration of body and spirit. The man, who once was Alexander "the Great" and who was convinced that the passing of time and mortality were not for him, becomes restless, indecisive, given to a brooding hunger for life, and filled with a sense of impending doom. Rising from his bed in semi-delirium and enervated by fever, he runs to his death. By an ironic twist of fate, his despised half-brother Arrhidaeus, an epileptic and pathetic fool, succeeds him on the throne.

Besides the three central figures, all other characters of the novel remain pale and colorless. Actually, not even the main protagonist, Alexander himself, comes to real life. It is his miserable counterpart, Arrhidaeus, who emerges as the most interesting creation of the author. His is the typical,

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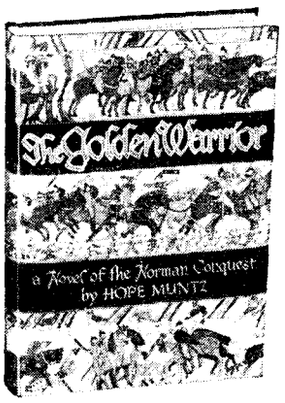

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unpredictable, erratic, and somewhat exaggerated makeup, so often associated with neo-romantic heroes. It cannot be denied that Wassermann has created a number of highly effective and often touching scenes in which the pitiful personality of Arrhidaeus is in the center, such as the night when he tries on the king's clothes while Alexander is taking a bath. In general, however, the more subtle motivations of the modern psychological novel (or of Wassermann's own mature works) are lacking. In as much as the author's aim was obviously not the external description of Alexander's entourage, the result is a curious and not quite successful mixture of realistic historical fiction (Wassermann spent four years in preparatory research) and psychological creation. The fact that the original manuscript was almost three times as long and trimmed down to the present size on the advice of the German publisher, would lead to the conclusion that the young novelist Wassermann was mainly fascinated by the material splendors of his subject.

Unfortunately, an exceedingly pedestrian and singularly awkward translation has done little to endear the novel to American readers. The subtlety of the original is gone. Where Wassermann uses simple, straightforward speech, the anonymous translator employs a pretentious archaic English. The richness of the German vocabulary has been compressed into a kind of basic English that delights in repeating the same clichés over and over again (". . . a sound issued from his lips . ."). Not to mention the many inaccuracies (page 57, *auguries* instead *omens*) and the cases of downright false grammar (". . . jealousy filled him *at* the Alexander of those days . . ."). Of the musicality and richness of Wassermann's youthful style, the American rendition is sadly devoid.

Modern Orestes

THE BARRIERS BETWEEN. By Marc Brandel. New York: The Dial Press. 1949. 241 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

IF THIS book were to be judged solely on its technical merits, Marc Brandel would probably find himself quickly relieved of whatever reputation his first two novels have won for him. The book is written, for the most part, in the sort of prose that Hemingway made respectable but that James M. Cain and a score of neo-Hemingways have vulgarized into journalese. It is writing that, to be effective, must persistently suggest more than it states; its terseness must seem to depend upon the tight hold the author has upon himself and upon language. In Mr. Brandel's hands, unfortunately, its terseness seems to derive from a certain bankruptcy of lingual resources, and its statement is always and only statement.

Structurally, too, the novel shows weaknesses. The main action is introduced through a single flashback out of which countless minor flashbacks periodically emerge. These occur whenever in the course of the narrative an idea or incident suggests to Mr. Brandel a possibly relevant, but usually irrelevant, idea or incident in his hero's past. The result is that the action is brought at intervals to a dead stop, and the reader is obliged to wait while author and character wander off together to explore some tangential by-path.

But Mr. Brandel's technical failure is more than compensated for by the fact that he has chosen to tell a convincing story full of suspense and horror and that as soon as he leaves speculation behind and concentrates on swiftly moving events he tells it powerfully and well. Essentially, it is a story of crime and punishment, sin and expiation, although the crime for which Mr. Brandel's hero is punished is never committed, and it is not his own sin for which he achieves expiation.

Jordan, a young painter working on a magazine assignment in Mexico, beats up a homosexual friend in a moment of overwhelming fear and loathing and leaves him for dead. The bulk of the story concerns Jordan's frantic attempts to elude the police, who he imagines are steadily closing in on him as he moves from town to town, and the nightmare furies of his conscience, who are his real pursuers. Because Jordan believes he has committed murder, the psychological mechanism of murder is set up within him. He becomes morbidly introspective and begins to explore his past in an effort to get at his real motives. For the first time in his life he faces himself as he really is, not as he always imagined himself to be. And in the moment of intense and painful self-revelation which finally comes to him, he realizes that by his act he has murdered not only the object of his fear but its first cause, not only a man but his own past, and with it the memory of his mother and the feeling of effeminacy she gave him which made him fear and hate effeminacy in others. Jordan is renewed at the springs of his own insight: he loses the sense of guilt he always had in the guilt of the moment; he loses the guilt of the moment in the guilt of others who have suffered as much as he, like the dowdy girl whom he meets in a bus and the pathetic homosexual who makes advances to him in a bar.

If "The Barriers Between" has defects as a novel and more than a touch of Hollywood melodrama in some of its most important scenes, it is nevertheless absorbing and compelling as a story of action and character. It may be, too, that Mr. Brandel has said a great deal more than he seems to say. Jordan, a modern Orestes, turns on the Furies of his past and defeats them, and in so doing, he discovers an answer that is beyond psychiatry and the crippling effects of childhood.

> Look [he says] inside you, inside everyone is something that is individually "you," and it has the power and the right to say yes or no as it chooses. And that "you" is something your mother can't touch no matter what she does to you. . . . And if you *want* to say yes now, I know you can and that you can go ahead and live a brave and happy life, regardless of your mother. And if you want to say no, then it's only you who'll be saying it. And you can't deceive yourself that it was anyone's fault but yours . . .

The Mirror

By John Holmes

I THOUGHT of my father, how he matched with care
Grain of the wood to grain, and signed his name
Back-hand and black, and how he combed his hair,
Or coughed. I thought myself the same,

Combing my hair our name gone gray in the glass.
I heard my father's breath in my chest and throat.
I thought of his right hand, now that my hand has
His clench and thumb the way he wrote.

But the white pine he worked for shelves for books,
Tight at the corners, smooth under level light,
I never could handle as he did. Then he looked
Out of the mirror and I knew I might.

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Frenzied Liberal

THE LAST ROMANTIC. By Charles Bonner. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1949. 279 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

ABOUT midway through this novel its central figure, the young romantic himself, shows his best friend the novel he has written. It is one upon which he has lavished all of his ardor and sensitiveness and he wants very badly now to get his friend's reaction. After a difficult bit of sparring his friend bursts out with, "When you turn out a synthetic, plastic concoction like 'The Lower Slopes of Parnassus' you don't want criticism. Why the hell should I bother?" The reader of Mr. Bonner's novel is in something of the same position, except that this is not Mr. Bonner's first frenzied outpouring but rather the sixth of his books, some of which have been fairly successful. All one can say then is that he has written, with thought and experience behind him, one more synthetic, plastic concoction.

There is no quarrel with synthetic concoctions unless they are passed as something better. In this instance the plan of the book and many of its more exalted passages, as well as its promising dust cover, prefigure a study of the artist as a young man in that very best of molds, filled out in their own fashion by so many artists from George Moore to Thomas Wolfe. Our last romantic is Eliot Kent, who works his way out of an expectedly eccentric childhood into a career as crusading journalist and writer. On the way he meets with the varied species of women: enigmatic, worldly, fatal. Presumably all of them, as well as his experiences with tortured neurotics (as his stepfather) and brutal realists (Collison the commentator), contribute to the development of a fine liberal intelligence. As a matter of fact, there is more of intention than substance here. The pattern of the growth of this sensitive boy is laid out before us, but it is filled in with something quite different: irrelevant adventures, spurious passions scattered upon a shallow surface quite free of any roots, mock-heroic postures struck by a set of characters who are essentially without distinction.

Eliot Kent himself is a wooden and incredible figure, and none of his women or men either can really command any attention. "The Last Romantic" sums up, then, as a slick and superficial tale self-conscious with ambition.

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You will not forget Kern Roberts; you will not forget the dark forces, here in America today, which drove him into an alien land despite every instinct which was his. You may regard this book as a pitiless revelation of a shameful condition; you may read it simply as a headlong story of shocking impact. Either way, you will find it . . .

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Seeing Things

CONSTABULARY DUTY

IN WARTIME *strategy* and *tactics* were words on everyone's tongue. The meekest fellow, in or out of uniform, bandied them about, sensing, quite rightly, that they were no Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Nor are they, as I was reminded by Sidney Kingsley's "Detective Story,"* a melodrama written for the theatre with no thought of the theatre of war in mind.

Tactics, Hanson Baldwin assures us in "The Price of Power," is "the science of the proper utilization of weapons." It has to do with troops when they are at the front and in contact with the enemy. Strategy, on the other hand, is the grand plan. Its scale is larger. It is concerned with the campaign rather than the engagement; the war instead of the battle. As Mr. Baldwin put it when, baffled by the dictionary's inadequacies, I telephoned him for further elucidation, "strategy is the way a boxer plans to fight before he gets into the ring, whereas tactics represents the way he fights when he gets in." In other words, the difference between the two theatrically is the difference between the plot an author has in his head and the manner of his telling it.

In "Detective Story" Mr. Kingsley saves the day by his tactics. As everyone remembers who saw "Men in White" and "Dead End," realism is the weapon of attack at which he excels. With this he assaults the interest of an audience. With this he advances the lines of his storytelling. It is his favorite technique. What the phalanx was to the Romans, the long bow to the British at Agincourt, the hollow square to Wellington, or the Panzer Division to Hitler, realism is to Mr. Kingsley.

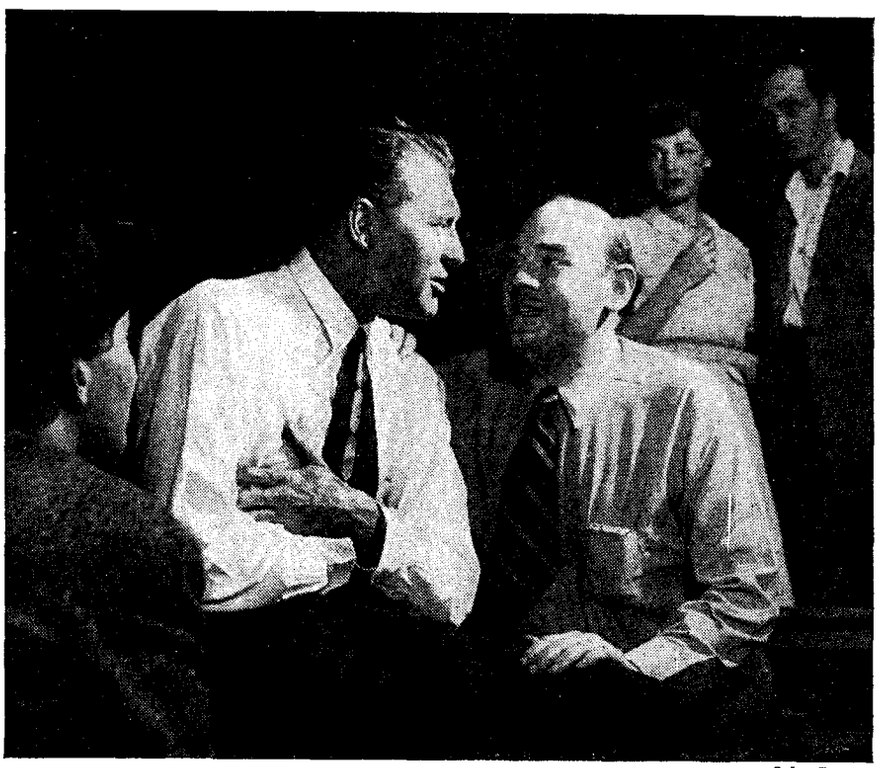
He is so accurate a reporter that he seems to do the writing of his subsidiary incidents with a dictaphone and a newsreel camera instead of a typewriter. His eye for the atmosphere and oddities of a setting is exceptional. Whether his scene is a hospital operating room, the river's edge of a New York cross street, or, as in the case of his new melodrama, a detective squad room of a New York precinct police station, he is able to convince audiences not only that he has been there but that they have been there, too. He creates this illusion as director no less than as author. He does it by his obvious relish for small details and the skill with which he reproduces recognizable externals.

Is it cops at play, cops at work, or just plain cops-and-robbers that you want? Mr. Kingsley supplies them all in "Detective Story." The frustrated girl turned shoplifter; the man who has had his trouser-pocket slashed by a pickpocket; the daffy matron who is certain that people are conspiring against her life; two uncommunicative but gifted burglars with long criminal records; the young veteran who has stolen from his trusting boss in order to take his girl out to the expensive restaurants she demands —all these and a score of other stationhouse types, including, of course, various kinds of reporters and detectives, lend a verisimilitude at once engaging and amusing both to Mr. Kingsley's script and his expert production of it.

These sideshow aspects prove so diverting and are so ably realized in the writing, the acting, and the direction that, almost from the rise of the first curtain, one is forced to wonder how W. S. Gilbert ever contended that a policeman's lot is not a happy one when there's constabulary duty to be done. Indeed, we who ride meekly in subways, buses, or taxis are forced to survey the hurly-burly of such surroundings, somewhat envious of the excitements apparently common to those granted free transportation in the Black Maria. Mr. Kingsley's police station is a lively spot. His minions of the law may have little chance to rest, but they know few dull moments.

There is fun to be had from realism of this kind. Without question it provides a palatable coating for a melodrama, as David Belasco ("The Wizard of '88," in Mr. Woollcott's phrase) long ago knew, and as "On Trial," "Broadway," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and "The Thirteenth Chair" have proved. It may have no depth to it. It may be purely external. Even so, it possesses a toy-like fascination of its own.

THE simpler the playgoer and the less he expects or demands of the theatre, the more he is apt to be delighted by precisely such realism. It appears to do away with the proscenium arch and make the front curtain



—*John Swope.*

In the foreground, Ralph Bellamy and James Westerfield— "the uncompromising idealist can be thirteenth at table."

**DETECTIVE STORY, by Sidney Kingsley. Staged by Mr. Kingsley. Setting by Boris Aronson. Presented by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. With a cast including Ralph Bellamy, Meg Mundy, Warren Stevens, Joan Copeland, Lee Grant, Jean Adair, Horace McMahon, Joseph Wiseman, Michael Strong, Alexander Scourby, Les Tremayne, Lou Gilbert, James Westerfield, etc. At the Hudsson Theatre. Opened March 23, 1949.*

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in truth a fourth wall. The somewhat childish pleasures it provides are those of immediate recognition; of having the theatre's eternal game of "let's pretend" for once robbed of its pretense.

The trouble with "Detective Story" is that the tactics and the strategy employed by Mr. Kingsley do not seem to have been planned for the same war. If, as a tactician, he writes from life, as a strategist he writes straight theatre. His truest people are his minor characters, not his major ones. His most valid dialogue is the everyday speech spoken by his lesser actors rather than the fancy and high-falutin' phraseology in which his pivotal figures can indulge.

In roundabout terms Mr. Kingsley is making a plea for tolerance. He would have us know that the present-day world with all of its antagonisms can be found in microcosm in his detective squad room. He would also have us understand, as Ibsen came to understand, that the uncompromising idealist can be thirteenth at table. Mr. Kingsley's idealist is a tough, sadistic detective who has no mercy in his heart and no forgiveness in his spirit. He hates all offenders and seeks to have them jailed regardless of the human causes which may have got them in trouble. It is when he is trying to send to prison a doctor who has performed an illegal operation that he discovers his own wife not only has had an affair with another man before marrying him but has had an abortion performed by the same doctor.

This discovery destroys the detective's world. Because of it he learns that he has himself become the very kind of bully he hated his father for being. Because of it, too (and other twists in Mr. Kingsley's melodramatic plotting which it would be unfair to reveal), he is persuaded at the very end to see the light and do a good deed.

That Mr. Kingsley holds the interest throughout "Detective Story," I happily agree. The evening is a good one, amusing and exciting, especially in its first two acts. But that all the writing is of the same kind or merit, I do deny. If anything, Mr. Kingsley is an over-effortful contriver. He requires a cast of thirty-four to tell his story. And thirty-four characters are a lot of people. His skill as a traffic officer in keeping such a crowd moving is as remarkable as his ingenuity as a scenarist in dovetailing his episodes. He builds a plot as if he were Rube Goldberg designing an invention. The single cogs are admirable, and the intricacy in itself is intriguing. Even so, when all is said and done, the contraption, though always

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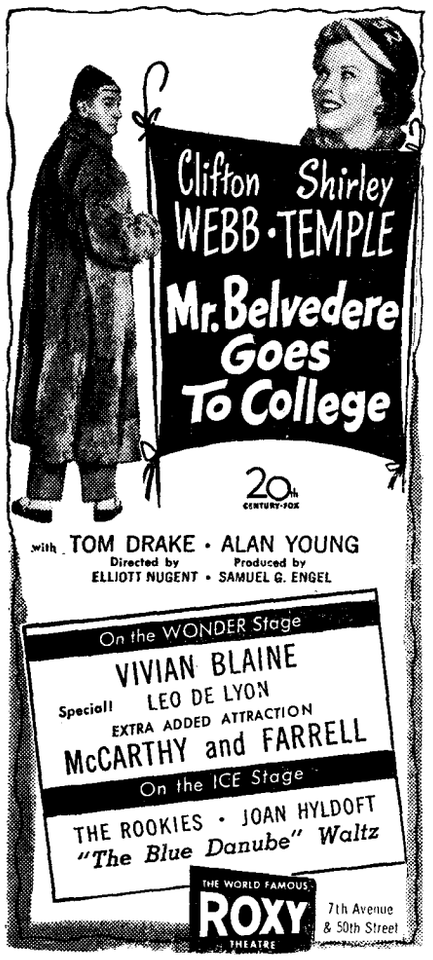

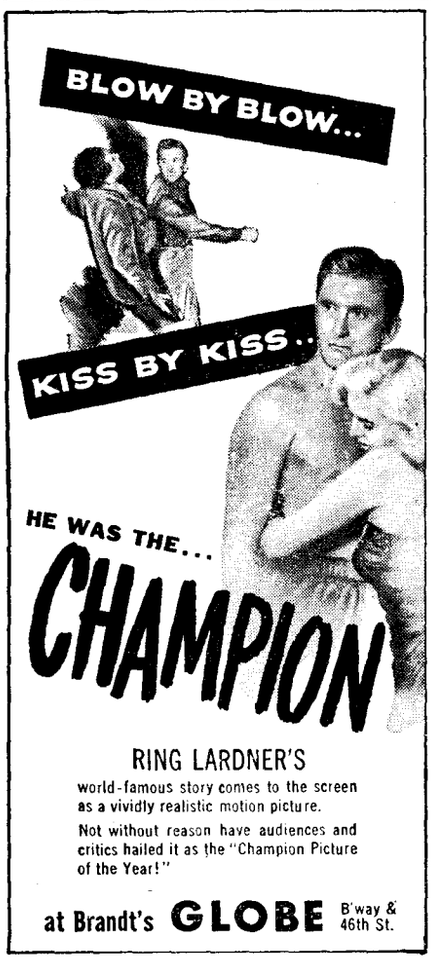
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in active motion, appears to have advanced very little.

IF IT were not for Ralph Bellamy's extraordinarily fine performance of the tough detective, I would be inclined to say that Mr. Kingsley's star parts are to be found in his gallery of minor ones. Mr. Bellamy, however, manages to get through even the more florid speeches undaunted and undowned. He does not duck any of the cruelties of the part. He plunges through it with a kind of dazed strength. More than being overwhelming, his intensity sweeps everything and everyone before it.

Few key characters can have been more hazy than is the detective's wife as Mr. Kingsley has written her. Perhaps this is why Meg Mundy, so decisive in "The Respectful Prostitute," now gives so indefinite a performance. What carries the evening is the players in secondary or bit parts. At least ten of these stand out as being worthy of detailed credit. Among these count Warren Stevens, who, as the arrested ex-GI, makes increasingly clear how exceptional are his abilities; Horace McMahon as an authoritative lieutenant at the station; Joseph Wiseman as a voluble and tricky burglar; Lee Grant as the shoplifter; and James Westerfield as the kindly older detective who has lost his son in the war.

My hat, in other words, is off to Mr. Kingsley, the realist, as a tactician. If his strategy were as good as his tactics, I would be tossing it in the air.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 27*)

Behind the Iron Curtain maintained during the period covered by this book, not quite a millennium, artistic creation of sorts went on, the usual thing for the time: stories of saints, chronicles, poetical epics, the creation of legends, many of which remained oral until a comparatively recent generation came that thought it worth while to record them on paper. The legends in particular are of interest; apparently they were worked over again and again in the telling, and wherever they may have originally come from they assumed a form and a manner singularly native, usually folklorish. Early Russian literature seems particularly to abound in tales about Alexander the Great, who indeed assumes a wholly legendary character. The Tartar invasion of Rus, too, has given rise to a considerable narrative literature during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; mostly of a homiletic and biographical nature. From this period we have the famous "Life" of Alexander Nevsky, "the ideal prince and warrior, endowed with all positive moral and physical qualities in the highest degree."

This fascinating record takes us up to and through the seventeenth century, almost to the eve of the inception of modern Russian literature. If the Renaissance had passed Russia by, we are left to speculate if it was not precisely the genius that had lain fallow in Russian soil, plus that window that Peter the Great opened on the West, that brought about the great Russian literary flowering of the nineteenth century.

Measuring Thoreau

PASSAGE TO WALDEN. By Reginald L. Cook. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 238 pp. $3.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER

THIS book, explains its author, "attempts neither to tell the story of Henry Thoreau's life nor to evaluate his relationship to 'the golden day' and the era of atomic energy. Its chief aim is to penetrate the essential quality and evoke the richness of his correspondence with nature." It accomplishes a good deal more.

In passing up the easy approach of the chronological, biographical method, Mr. Cook retains his freedom to discuss those special aspects which he feels will contribute most to his main objective. What he has to say about each of these particular matters is in itself part of the interest and worth of the book. Thus, in the first chapter, we see Thoreau on his travels in Concord. We watch him tramping over Concord earth to the places that especially attracted him—Cyrus Hosmer's meadow, the lady-slippers in the Ministerial Swamp, Blue Heron Rock. Thus we know the ground.

In the second chapter, by way of yardstick with which to measure Thoreau, Mr. Cook discusses other writers on nature. We see them also within their districts—Izaak Walton along the banks of the Lea, Gilbert White and Selbourne, Richard Jeffer-

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ies in Wiltshire, Fabre at Sérignan, John Burroughs, Hudson, and Muir. And with his consideration of each, Mr. Cook never lets Thoreau slip away, never misses the chance to give the reader the benefit of comparison.

The chapter which follows discusses Thoreau in his attitude toward man, examines his views on his own species, shows his genuine curiosity in how men function. Most civilized men, he feels of course, live partial and restricted lives, traveling like blinkered horses down the narrow road convention has laid out for them. The natural men—those who take or have the time to cultivate their relationship with nature—he believes cheat themselves least. Men like Therien, the Concord woodchopper, like one-eyed Goodwin, the muskrat hunter. Thoreau can enjoy the company especially of those rare, perceptive, sentient farmers like George Minot and Edmund Hosmer. Minot, the most poetical farmer of his acquaintance—skilful, simple, unhurried, economical—, Thoreau believed, lived pretty much as a free man, unharassed by more land than he could handle or more work than he could do.

This interest in natural man turned Thoreau's attention inevitably to the Indians. The chapter Mr. Cook devotes to Thoreau's study of the Indians strikes this reviewer as perhaps the most valuable discussion thus far written on this topic—for Thoreau's interest in the Indians has been rather underestimated despite the fact he kept special notebooks on the subject.

Thoreau's mysticism in his approach to nature, his physical skill, his attitude towards craftsmanship, are some of the other special topics treated. Not till the ninth and last chapter is the reader really brought face to face with Thoreau's writings—though what has gone before has of course made its contribution to the fundamental understanding of what Thoreau wrote. At first, in reading, one almost forgets that Thoreau had written at all, for one meets him here through his response to life as he lived it so fully. Perhaps this postponement is a defect in the book; though given the plan along which it is written, it is hard to see just what else could have been done. Perhaps here and there in the first eight chapters there are a few occasions where the author somewhat obscures his points under too great a welter of illustrations. But by and large everything falls neatly into place, for this is a discerning, stimulating book.

Townsend Scudder, associate professor of English at Swarthmore College, is author of "Emerson and Some Englishmen" and other books.

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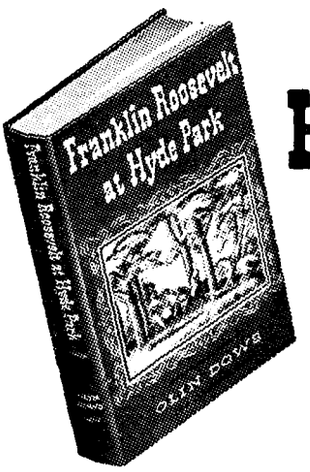

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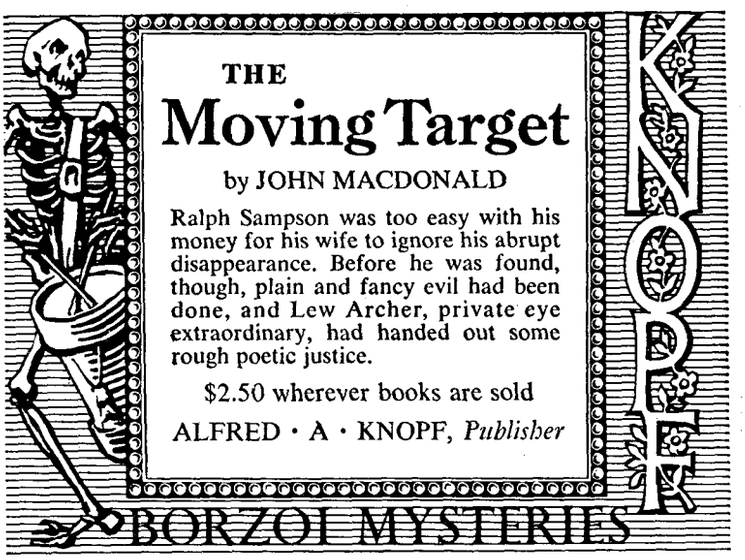
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ART

(*Continued from page 44*)

bert observed. Mr. Pach's volume is ample evidence of the truth of that dictum. His father was the first photographer of the Metropolitan, and his own life has been spent in the midst of the world of art both here and abroad. His work has an informal richness which can come only from years of first-hand study.

Huntington Cairns, secretary, treasurer, and general counsel of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., is author of "The Limits of Art."

Treasure Houses

THE TASTE OF ANGELS. By Francis Henry Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 661 pp. $10.

Reviewed by ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

WHEN a man sits for years in the front office of a treasure house, mulling over its collections, adding to them, accepting, rejecting, and rearranging, taking all the blame for its shortcomings and being accorded little credit for its successful achievements, he sometimes begins to wonder about the whole business of treasure houses. How did this thing start? Has it always been as crazy and fabulous as it is now? How has the treasure house functioned in other eras and other societies than our own?

These are three of the thousands of questions that must have passed through the mind of the director of the Metropolitan Museum and led, ultimately, to this book. It is subtitled "A history of art collecting from Rameses to Napoleon," and it is the first study of its subject to be written. That it has had no predecessors is not surprising, for it does not deal with a single thing but with a vast, bewildering complex of many things. Mr. Taylor's volume is, in fact, like one of those princely *Wunderkammern* of which he writes. It is full of bright, fantastic fragments of religious, political, and economic history; it abounds in portraits of great cranks and cardinals; while seven-headed garter-snakes pickled in spirits of wine stand in convenient cupboards to be brought forth when conversation lags.

This does not mean that Mr. Taylor's book is a haphazard collection. On the contrary, it is an all but exhaustive exploration of its territory, and from it there arise at least three general, unifying ideas or principles. One is that taste and the stock market are, and always have been, very closely allied. Another is that collecting has a sociological function: it is evidence of power, sometimes (but by no means always) power linked to benevolence. A third is that collecting is often a personal expression of singular and richly endowed individuals. None of these general propositions is exactly a revelation, but their documentation and development at the hands of Mr. Taylor is a rich, elaborate fabric containing an enormous quantity of fascinating little known material.

The volume is very large. It runs to nearly 700 pages and according to my bathroom scales it weighs four pounds. This is nothing against it, for its interest is admirably sustained from beginning to end; I cite its size as one indication of its variety and inclusiveness and of the difficulty which arises when one tries, in a review, to give anything but a highly generalized idea of its contents.

Mr. Taylor divides his material into ten "books," headed "Origins of the

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Classic Tradition," "Italy and the Rise of Capitalism," "The Long Arm of the Hapsburgs," "The Spread of Italian Culture and Finance in France, England, and the Netherlands," "Collecting in Spain and the Low Countries in the Seventeenth Century," "Rome in the Augustan Afterglow," "Art and Absolutism in France," "English Collectors in the Age of Reason," "German Absolutism and the Ersatz Versailles," and "Collecting in the Napoleonic Age."

These ten major sub-headings may give some idea of the scope of the book. Below them come the histories of movements and individuals, so that one may see the development from the temple treasury to the curio cabinet to the public museum and understand the contributions of such great men and odd characters as Mazarin, Queen Christina, Catherine the Great, Lord Elgin, and Vivant-Denon, founder of the Napoleonic collections. There is a great deal more —these paragraphs are absurdly inadequate by way of summary—but the volume is so heavily charged with material, with rare and wonderful stories, biographies, tragedies, and accounts of incredible greed and gullibility, that one can do little more than indicate its broadest outlines. It is, incidentally, magnificently illustrated, and it is supplemented with original documents running from a fourth-century description of the city of Alexandria to an eighteenth-century dramatic satire on the London collectors of that era.

The only adverse criticism to be made is a relatively minor one, but it concerns a thing which is persistently annoying. Mr. Taylor writes with great enthusiasm and wit, but his style is often sloppy. To be sure, one can forgive him when he writes sentences like "Frederick's taste in painting was for the work of contemporary Frenchmen as it was in contemporary sculpture." But what on earth is to be made of the following:

> Her [Mme. de Pompadour's] great monument was eighteenth-century Paris, the Paris that Baron Haussmann was to tear down—that unique creation for which Hitler, like Napoleon before him, was willing to grant a plenary indulgence.

Mr. Taylor promises a second volume, to bring his history up to date. It will be a good book, but his editors would do well to go over his manuscript with a greater degree of care than they have shown in the case of "The Taste of Angels."

Alfred Frankenstein, of the San Francisco Chronicle *staff, is that* rara avis: *a critic of both music and the visual arts.*

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PASTURIZING THE CITY CITIZEN

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Under a new holiday plan some three hundred farms from Maine to Virginia will be ready to receive farm vacationers by the time school is out. By the summer of 1950 more than 3,000 farms all over America will be entertaining 100,000 paying guests. The holiday seekers will come largely from the hot pavements of the cities. For the privilege of sleeping in the farmer's extra bedroom, eating his wife's home-cooked pies, and a plunge in the ole swimming hole, the city folk will pay an average of $30 a week—five dollars less if the plumbing is on the outside.

Planned farm vacations at inspected and recommended homesteads is the idea of William P. Wolfe, a thirty-nine-year-old native of Delaware who spent his boyhood on a farm and never forgot it. As the head of an organization which operates a reservation bureau in principal cities for sixty luxury resort hotels of the United States, Canada, Bermuda, Mexico, and the Caribbean, Wolfe knows the vacation business.

Within a few weeks Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., Wolfe's new company, will issue a directory of approved farms which have agreed to welcome summer visitors. To qualify under Wolfe's plan, farms must be able to accommodate at least four guests in two or three rooms, and be able to serve them three meals a day. Farms must agree to remain open for at least ten weeks of summer, but Wolfe feels the season eventually can be stretched from the opening of the fishing season in April through the end of the hunting season in November. Since women are welcome on farms, sportsmen taking advantage of the plan can solve the problem of what to do with the wife when they take to the outdoors.

The experts say that people who earn less than $10,000 a year should spend on their vacation what they derive in salary while they are away from work. The vista open to Farm Vacations, according to this formula, is tremendous. Without allowing for the cost of transportation, a farm vacation is within the economic reach of a single man making $30 a week or more, a married man making $60 a week or more, and a married man with a grown child making $90 a week or more. Children under twelve will be charged about half price.

Farm vacations, Wolfe firmly believes, will appeal to the millions of apartment dwellers who never get beyond the local park because they don't own cars, or because they simply have had no objective to lure them past the city limits. In comparing a farm to a resort Wolfe figures that the cost of a farm vacation is about the same as the cost of the new clothes a woman needs to visit a resort. "All you have to do on a farm," he says, "is wear out your old clothes. You won't need any forty-dollar fishing rods. Even a stick with a two-for-a-nickel hook will do fine. And no fancy flys either. Scoop up a canful of worms and you're all set."

A boyish, clean-cut young executive, Wolfe looks like an all-American 4-H winner grown up. "People ask me what there will be to do on a farm. They say, 'Will there be riding?' There may be some riding horses, but I think that if the kids want to ride they'll get on the farm horse and play cowboys and Indians. They'll build a tree house. They'll dig out a fox den with the dogs. They'll go down to the pasture, round up the cattle, hop on a steer, and ride it home. That's the life as I see it," says Wolfe, by this time aglow with nostalgia.

Apparently that is about the way the city folks see it, too. A test advertisement inserted in the classified section of a New York newspaper two years ago announcing Farm Vacations brought over 300 replies. When a second advertisement was run a few weeks ago asking interested vacationers to state their requirements for a farm holiday, Wolfe's office was swamped. Wrote one lady in New Jersey:

> We have two children aged five and three who love animals. For their sakes I would like to find a farm that has a sample of all the farm animals as well as regular truck produce . . . We want to see the farmer milk the cows, and we want to see mother pig in her sty, and we'd love to pick berries and go fishing.

Letters like this are gratifying to Wolfe, whose greatest problem was convincing the farmers that the city

Old McIntosh Had a Farm

An editor in search of an artist with a barnyard background turned up Hal McIntosh, who frequently draws *SRL*'s covers. Mr. McIntosh comes from the wheatlands of Winnipeg, once spent two summer months on a farm. Besides, we couldn't avoid using the headline which appears above.

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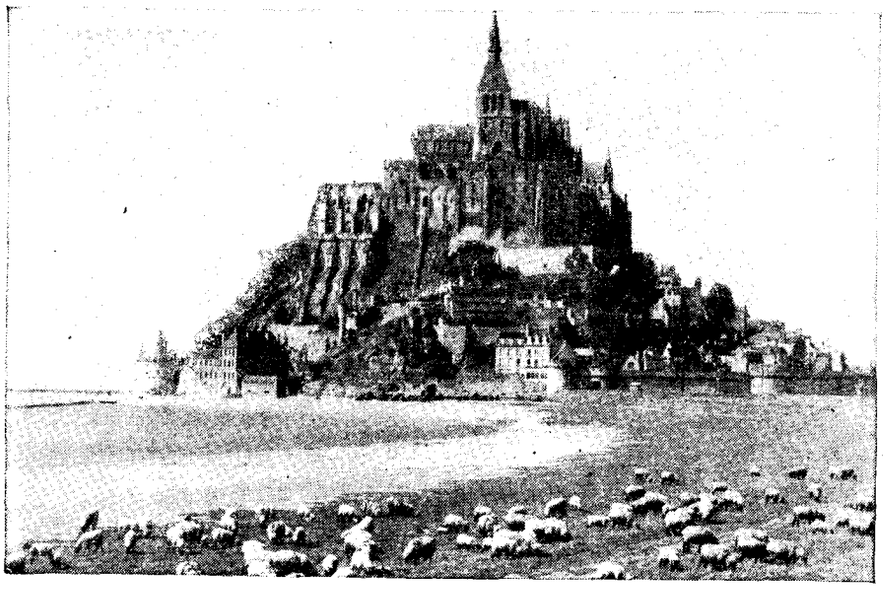

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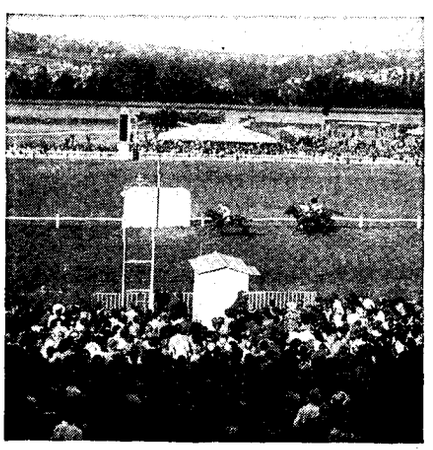

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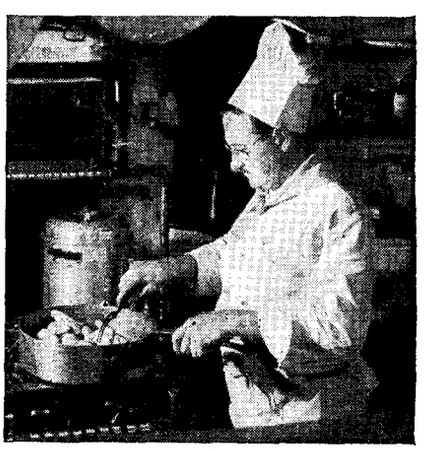

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Ici On Parle Awful French

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The way we get the story a group of Paris expatriates somewhat bored with exile used to amuse themselves in the tremulous Thirties by composing free and imaginative translations of French words and phrases. There seems to have been a renascence around our block of what we shall call parlograms, a selection of which we print herewith. Anybody who has had sophomore French or an hour of Berlitz can make up an original parlogram. In a subsequent issue we shall print, with due editorial credit, the best of the parlograms submitted by* SRL *readers to* BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, *The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, New York. Are there any anti-grammarian francophiles in the house?*

du coeur ..... *two dogs*
Sorbonne ..... *arthritis*
Marseillaise ..... *mother says I can go*
femme de menage ..... *a woman of my age*
avant garde ..... *B. C.*
coup de grace ..... *cut the lawn*
entresol ..... *bring in the fish*
soupçon ..... *dinner's ready*
école français ..... *they call her Frances*
allons enfants de la patrie....*come on, kids, let's go to the party*

Clair de lune ..... *crazy Clara*
pot de crème ..... *pour the cream*
Grace à Dieu ..... *goodbye, Grace.*
sang-froid ..... *bloody cold*
Roquefort ..... *Gibraltar*
carte blanche ..... *laundry wagon*
avoirdupois ..... *have some more peas*
Croix de guerre ..... *across from the station*
honi soit que mal y pense ..... *I honestly think I'm going to be sick*
pas de deux ..... *father of twins*

people would indeed be interested in spending a vacation on a farm. In 1937 he canvassed New Jersey and Pennsylvania and talked to more than fifty farmers. "The only ones interested then were those who ran tourist-type homes, whereas we wanted to get back into the country and dig out the real farm living." One farmer in the Poconos with two handsomely furnished rooms which he never used listened while Wolfe stood on his front porch and carefully outlined the plan. "You city fellas sure have some strange ideas," the farmer said when Wolfe was through, and then turned on his heel and walked back into the house.

Now Wolfe has the backing of the National Grange, a farmers' fraternal association which has enthusiastically approved the plan. The U. S. Department of Agriculture is also supporting Farm Vacations through its home-demonstration agents, who are equipped to help farm wives plan menus, achieve kitchen economy, and prepare recreational facilities. Rural newspapers are publishing lists of basic do's and don't's which farmers can post in guest rooms. They advise city visitors to remind their children not to stand behind a horse, not to pull cows by the tail, and not to stick their hands in cans of milk. Wolfe supplements these instructions with bulletins that tell the farmer how to set up his rates, and offer him homey tips on bathtub schedules, meal hours, and reminders about the sleeping habits of city people on vacation. For this service, and for printing a description of the farm in a catalogue which he will advertise and distribute, Wolfe charges the farmer five per cent of the farm's total gross from guest rentals. The maximum commission is $75 for a season.

On the basis of a ten-week summer a farmer can make about $1,500, a cash sum which he will earn in July and August, traditionally a slack financial period on the farm. Besides the money which his own company stands to make on farm vacations, and the profit for the farmer, Bill Wolfe thinks his plan is a tremendous factor for improving human relations. "The difference between country people and city people is the same as the difference between citizens of two countries," he says. "The folks from town are going to learn why they are paying twenty cents a quart for milk."

With 100,000 people taking farm vacations by 1950, a figure greater than the number of guests Bermuda entertained in the record year of 1937, Wolfe expects to expand the plan to Canada. "We will soon be advertising 'Come to Quebec, live on a farm, and learn French'." Since he learned French himself while living on a farm in France some years ago, he sees no reason why Farm Vacations cannot eventually offer facilities abroad. Through some business friends he is already contacting ranches in Argentina. He also expects to have luxury farms which can be booked by travel agencies, and he has some ideas about farm vacations for skiers, too.

When his new business moves into volume proportions Wolfe hopes to sign up a selection of even lower-priced farms, with accommodations for adults at about $3 a day, children at less than $2. The memory of his own pleasant boyhood on the farm and the vision of the children he sees in the city slums are both indelible impressions with him. Late one afternoon at the bustling New York headquarters of his hotel-reservation bureau Wolfe straightened up from his desk and permitted himself a reflection. "You know we must have booked $20,000 worth of luxury resort accommodations in here today. We also signed up another farm. I'm kind of excited about the farm. We are really going to get some of these kids out of the city." —HORACE SUTTON.

Travelers' Tales

ECUADOR AND THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS, by Victor Wolfgang Von Hagen. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.75. The unadorned, academic title of Mr. Von Hagen's book in no way reflects this lively, imaginative, thoroughly readable armchair travel book. Ecuador is a land of savages and sophisticates. There are still headhunters in the bush, to say nothing of the Colorado Indians of Esmeraldas who paint themselves with red dye and wear their wax-stiffened hair like sheep dogs. In Quito, the capital, Ecuador has a mixture of ancient monasteries and cultured cocktail bars. Quito's suburbs, says Mr. Von Hagen, are the same as those in North America. There is also some interesting talk about the geopolitical value of the Galápagos Islands, 840 miles from the Panama Canal.

THIS NEW MEXICO, edited by George Fitzpatrick. Rydal Press. $3. The work of some fifty writers who are natives of New Mexico, or who vacation there, or who were forced to move there because of their health, or who just happen to like the place, forms this eulogistic anthology. The pieces originally appeared in the magazine *New Mexico*. You will find representation from Kyle Crichton, Eric Knight, and Ernie Pyle. The final story by Mr. Fitzpatrick, who is editor of the book and of *New Mexico*, concerns a sightseeing trip to Alamogordo Bombing Range.

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CURRENT BOOKS WORTH READING

(Continued from page 15)

"Remembrance Rock," by Carl Sandburg.
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy.

John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*

General

"In Anger and Pity," by Robert Magidoff.
"Sixteen Self Sketches," by George Bernard Shaw.
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Roosevelt and Hopkins," by Robert E. Sherwood.
"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"The God Seeker," by Sinclair Lewis.
"Doctor Faustus," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).
"The Young Lions," by Irwin Shaw (Random).
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.

Mary Stahlman Douglas, *Nashville Banner*

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"George Washington," Vols. I & II, by Douglas S. Freeman (Scribner's).
"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.
"Young Hickory," by Martha McBride Morrel (Dutton).
"Death Be Not Proud," by John Gunther (Harper).

Fiction

"Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton.
"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen.
"The Old Beauty," by Willa Cather (Knopf).
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Love Affair," by Eleanor Farjeon (Macmillan).

Max J. Herzberg, *Newark, New Jersey, Evening and Sunday News*

General

"Mirror for Man," by Clyde Kluckhohn.
"Paths to the Present," by Arthur M. Schlesinger.
"Sixteen Self Sketches," by George Bernard Shaw.
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.
"Beau James," by Gene Fowler.

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Peace, My Daughters," by Shirley Barker (Crown).
"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy.
"The Fires of Spring," by James A. Michener (Random).
"An Act of Love," by Ira Wolfert (Simon & Schuster).

Elise Beauchamp, *New Orleans Times Picayune*

General

"No Place to Hide," by David Bradley.
"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Canterbury Tales," by Geoffrey Chaucer, modern English translation by R. N. Lumiansky (Simon & Schuster).
"Cheaper by the Dozen," by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.

Fiction

"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz.
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.
"From the City, from the Plough," by Alexander Baron.
"The Springs," by Ann Godwin Winslow.
"His Human Majesty," by Kay Boyle (Whittlesey).

Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune*

General

"Trial and Error," by Chaim Weizmann.
"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"The Great Pierpont Morgan," by Frederick Lewis Allen.
"North African Prelude," by Galbreth Welch (Morrow).

Fiction

"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," by Alfred Hayes.
"The Christmas Tree," by Isabel Bolton (Knopf).
"Southbound," by Barbara Anderson (Farrar, Straus).
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.

Sterling North, *New York Post* Syndicate

General

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
"Target: You," by Leland Stowe (Knopf).
"Death Be Not Proud," by John Gunther.
"To Hell and Back," by Audie Murphy.
"Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Fiction

"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Toasted English," by Marghanita Laski (to be published April 26 by Houghton, Mifflin).
"Elephant and Castle," by R. C. Hutchinson.
"The Devil's Own Dear Son," by James Branch Cabell (Farrar, Straus).
"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," by Alfred Hayes.

Orville Prescott, *The New York Times*

General

"From Day to Day," by Odd Nansen (Putnam's).

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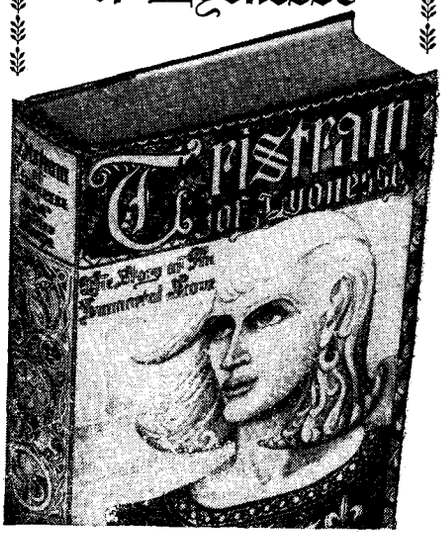

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Robert Minton, *New York World-Telegram*

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Victor P. Hass, *Omaha World Herald*

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David Appel, *Philadelphia Inquirer*

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John D. Paulus, *Pittsburgh Press*

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Jalmar Johnson, *Portland Oregonian*

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"Woman with a Sword," by Hollister Noble (Doubleday).
"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy.
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.

Joseph Henry Jackson, *San Francisco Chronicle*

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"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
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"The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen.
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.
"Tender Mercy," by Lenard Kaufman (Creative Age).
"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"Mask of Wisdom," by Howard Clewes (Dutton).

Suzanne Martin, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*

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"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill.
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"My Glorious Brothers," by Howard Fast (Little, Brown).

Thomas B. Sherman, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

General

"The Gathering Storm," by Winston S. Churchill.
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"The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton.
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"The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy.
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.
"History of Nora Beckham," by Joseph Stanley Pennell (Scribner's).
"Descent Into Hell," by Charles Williams.
"The Young Lions," by Irwin Shaw.

Hudson Grunewald, *Washington Star*

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"Point of No Return," by John P. Marquand.
"A Tree of Night," by Truman Capote.
"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster.
"A Wreath of Roses," by Elizabeth Taylor.

IT STILL ISN'T A SCIENCE

(Continued from page 12)

the method, and the results of science, and would damage it so mortally, it is not hard to imagine the destruction of culture that must result from the "control" of it by ignorant and egotistical politicians of a particularly fanatical school.

It has taken thousands of years to build the basis of that freedom of inquiry and of criticism which science requires. It has been possible only through the growth of democratic practices, and through the associated progress in physical techniques, in living standards, and in education, applied on a grand scale. Only in modern times have all these conditions advanced sufficiently to permit that widespread, organized, objective search for truth which we today think of when we use the word science. There have been most serious reverses along the way in the building of this freedom, as in the Dark Ages and the Spanish Inquisition. But never has there been so drastic and wholesale a reversal of this constructive process as has happened in our day in Nazi Germany and in the USSR, as a result of the strengthening of those totalitarian dictatorships.

The story of genetics under these related systems of state control is only the most obvious example of the long-range incompatibility of cultural progress with political absolutism and with authoritarianism in general. In genetics, and in more and more of the biological side of science, evidence has in recent months come in that the wreckage in all countries behind the Iron Curtain is now complete. It is sad to see Shaw, in his day one of the foremost challengers of arbitrary authority, now allying himself with the most powerful enemies of human advancement. While forgiving him for being thus misled, let us make every effort, ourselves, to see the thing straight. If we do not check, within our own midst, this kind of menace to our rights as thinking beings, and to all that we hold most precious in human activities, the doctrine of the infallible state will eventually engulf our culture also.

In carrying on this struggle, we must continue to bear in mind that we in this country have our own grave shortcomings. But so long as a basis for political democracy exists there is an opportunity for conditions to be improved. To grasp this opportunity, constant vigilance and effort are required. Essential in this process are not only hard political work and active, open discussion on all levels, but the unremitting advancement of popular education in the fundamentals of modern science as well as of human relations, and the augmenting of the material and social strength of men in general. Only by such means can our interdependent freedoms, both the intellectual and the physical ones, be preserved and increased.

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the Phoenix Nest

DEAF-MUTE IN SPRING

BEREFT by birth of every sound,
He finds his music in the ground,
While overhead a flight of birds
Speaks more authentically than words.

For not by ear does he attend
The thrush's note or river's bend
Where waters trill, and not by ear
Does he hear more than others hear.

And not by voice does he compute
His dividends from seed and root,
The bushel-yield that slumbers now
In furrowed soil and fragrant bough.

He never counts these part by part
But keeps the total in his heart,
Knowing that lips sealed overlong
May quicken silence into song.

—STELLA WESTON TUTTLE.

* * *

Overheard in Erewhon: "Yeah, y'see I'm—confidenshally, mind, connected with the Committee on Un-Amurrican Activities. Get me? . . . Well, they tell me you're a writer. . . . Well, now, just as a matter of private inquiry, you must know about this guy called Thoreau? . . . You do? You know his writings? You know books about him? Well, listen, slip me a favor, will you? I've got wind of a pamphlet he's put out called "Civil Disobedience." Now just between us, you know that ain't *right,* is it? . . . You say it *ain't* right? I see you agree with me. Well now listen: you must know where this guy Thoreau can be found. . . . Oh! So he's served a jail sentence! Got a record, eh? Say, what does he look like. . . . Got a beard? Sort of hermit? No, I don't know Walden Pond. That where he hangs out? Well, why is he inciting to insurrection and revolution? . . . Some time ago? I don't understand? . . . *One hundred years ago*? No kiddin'? Say, wait till I get my hands on. . . . (Red-faced exit.)

* * *

WHAT THIS WORLD NEEDS IS MORE GAPS

If it wasn't for the gap between aim
and execution everybody would
be a Success
I Guess,
And I hasten at this point to make
public my thanks for whoever put
in the Gap
For without it we would be a United
Nation of rats in a Trap;
Think of the horror of being a big
success with everybody else
everywhere you look—up, down,
backwards, and forwards—a big
success Too,
Not only that but a big success in
every identical respect such as
appearance, endearance, sizeness,
wiseness, agility, nobility, utility,
docility, sweetness, neatness, anything, everything as You;
Nothing to strive for, nothing to live
for, nothing to die For.
If you played poker everybody would
beat everybody to the same degree
Or
If you went into politics nobody would
vote for anybody because there
wouldn't be anything that anybody else was better at than the
other Guy;
The women couldn't compete with
each other for the men or vice
versa because they would be all
equally beautiful and glamorous
and successful at love, Why
Money would be no object and if love
is no object and money is no
object then civilization would be
an object of Pity
And what is the use of having an
object of pity around if everybody is so highly intelligent that
there is no sense in being Witty!

—VIOLETTE SEALOCK.

* * *

KNIGHT'S MOVE

. . .the knight may pass over any adjacent square whether occupied or not, to alight on a square of a different color. . .

I hear you say, hear you firmly say
(And O how readily you say it!)
That our dear country has a penalty
to pay one day
When she least expects to pay it.

I hear you add, hear you boldly add,
No indubitable fact rejected,
That by simple logic all the horrors
we have had
Were merely to have been expected.

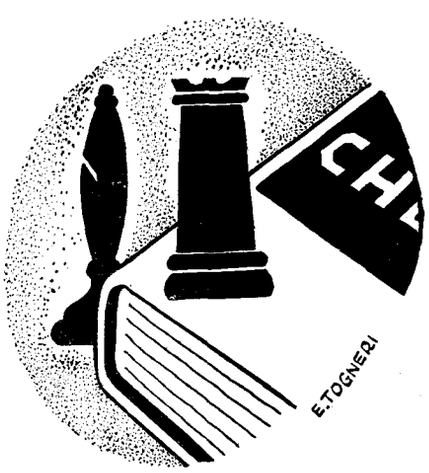
It is very clear—O it *is* so clear!—
That our country dear must blunder,
While all jubilant knaves rub their
hands and dig our graves,
Give a heave and plough us under.

For I hear you confess with ungenuine
distress
That they have the advantage of
positions,
And that it needs a mind that is good
at chess
To confound their grim logicians.

It is neatly implied, and the final knot
is tied
With no false loops or hitches,
That the other side were—and are—
justified,
While *we* are sons of bitches.

You are pleasant, you are calm, you
are smooth as balm,
And you beat Old Scratch at
reason . . .
Yet I think I'll chance the odds with
a rule or two of God's,
When the crisis comes in season.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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The Film Forum

WINGS OVER THE WORLD

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With summer on the way, many people are looking to air travel as a means of saving precious days on a trip to Europe, Latin America, and the Pacific. The three films reviewed this week present three areas of the world with all the Kodachrome splendors which their enthusiastic sponsor can lavish on them.*

HIGHWAY TO HAWAII

Produced by Cate and McGlone for United Airlines. Available from United Airlines, Inc., 80 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. In color. (27 mins.)

The color in this film is magnificent —some of the best that has been seen in a commercial film. The fruit and the flowers of the Hawaiian Islands, the welcoming crowds of girls, the semi-tropical scenery, appear in a gorgeous resplendence which would warm the cockles of a Hollywood producer's heart.

But when all this has been spelled out, little remains in the film to command any praise. The first five minutes drag by with a wearisome enumeration of the marvels of flight (surely fairly familiar by now), the supreme virtues of United Airlines, the mechanical miracle of the DC-6, and a mouth-watering description of the meals which are served aloft. This is the technique of the radio commercial, excused only because, when the eye is blind, the ear must be cajoled into attention. But the camera has an eye; it is, in fact, an eye in itself. If, as an audience, we are convinced by what we see, what need to lay it on so thickly in the sound track with every copywriter's cliché in the book? But if what we see with our own eyes doesn't convince us, no honeyed narrator is going to do the trick.

So, switching off the sound of "Highway to Hawaii," and guided by our own good sense and some attractive maps, we may visit Waikiki Beach, go surf-riding out amongst the big waves, make the ninety-mile circuit of Oahu, and tour the less well-known islands, Kauai and Maui. Along the way we shall have visited the pineapple and sugar-cane plantations, watched a spectacular volcanic eruption, seen the giant fern forest, and come away with a sense of the rich backgrounds of native Hawaiian life. But, please, no sound track!

WINGS TO IRELAND

Produced by Hartley Productions, New York, for Pan-American World Airways. Available from Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. In color. (30 mins.)

Among travelogues that astonish the eye with their brilliance of color, this simple, unpretentious film comes as a very pleasant relief. Even the bold palette of Kodachrome is subdued by the soft greens of Irish grassland, and the purple of the moors and hills.

But what chiefly distinguishes this film (and seemingly others by the same producers) is the apt use of natural sound and speech recorded on location. Padraic Colum's name on the credit titles is an assurance of authenticity; and if the educated tongue of some of the would-be country characters marks them as pure Abbey Theatre, others are genuine enough. The result is a convincing feeling that the audience has been carried to the spot and planted down in Ireland.

Accompanying a visiting couple and their young son, we tour Western Ireland, watch the home industries and the local thatchers at work, listen to a woman singing her child to sleep with a Gaelic lullaby, and take a trip on the Lakes of Killarney. Cork and the Blarney Stone, the Rock of Cashel and the abbey which sheltered St. Patrick in 450 A.D., the plains of Tipperary, and, finally, Dublin's streets are all part of the tour, which includes a delightfully photographed fox-hunting episode.

The commentary, both in voice and wording, is refreshingly free from plugs, and an audience is likely to be grateful to the sponsor for its rare and welcome restraint. The film —especially after Hawaii—leaves the impression that the sun doesn't shine very often in Ireland, but that the country is soft and beautiful in all weathers, and the people open-hearted and hospitable to strangers.

WINGS TO CUBA AND THE CARIBBEAN

Produced by Hartley Productions, New York, for Pan-American World Airways. Available from Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. In color. (29 mins.)

This companion film to "Wings to Ireland" is brighter and louder and generally less successful. The traveler this time is a glamour girl, but the continuity is supplied by a rather unpleasant little animated figure representing the airline which pops up at unexpected moments and exclaims with dubious rhyme and logic, "It's quicker by Clipper." Even the Calypso singers are roped in to chant the virtues of PAA.

However, the rich musical traditions of Latin America furnish some attractive, locally-recorded singing and dancing, and the camera transports us all the way from the Virgin Islands at one end of the Caribbean to Cuba at the other.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
COLLECTION FROM MERCURY—DOMESTIC RECORDINGS		
BEETHOVEN: AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE, Op. 98. Wm. Horne, ten. Franz Rupp, pf. Mercury DM 8 (2 10")	The single-mike technique, here in a studio I'd call too live; piano excellent, voice a bit hollow sounding.	This cycle of six continuous songs done with sincerity, a certain tonal monotony on Horne's part. Closer mike might help with such personal music.
MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO IN D. K. 251. Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Players, A. Schneider, Mitchell Miller, *et al.* Mercury DM 4 (3)	Same technique, diff. music—different results. Excellent liveness. Extremely sharp "edge" to violins. Nice rendering of varied instrumental color.	Minor but delightful Mozart, casual—entertainment type; appropriate small group (4 strings, 2 horns, oboe) sounds big and full in these acoustics.
DE FALLA: HARPSICHORD CONCERTO (1923-26). Ralph Kirkpatrick; A. Schneider, M. Miller, S. Baron, H. Freeman, B. Greenhouse. Mercury DM 5 (2)	This one has relatively dry acoustics (suits music). Wide range, beautiful balance. Again, fine rendering of diff. instrumental colors. Some tendency to blast.	A strange, tortured piece, dissonant, halting, seemingly ugly on purpose. Powerful, obviously sincere, but it seems to me to drag unmercifully. Better try for yourself, though.
THE ITALIAN TOUCH		
HAYDN: THE SEASONS. EIAR Orch., Chorus; Gabr. Gatti, Francesco Albanese; cond. Vittorio Gui. Cetra-Soria 111 (10) (*some cuts made*)	Not a bad job. Highs weak, but enough for color, diction. Balance, solos, orch., chorus, are excellent. Acoustics natural, slightly deadish. Inside grooves get pretty bad, some sides.	Far from crackerjack performance of this great oratorio, but adequate to get much of music over. Chorus sings mashed-potato style, but feelingly. Solos, fair to excellent. Highly Italianate!
VIVALDI - MOLINARI: THE FOUR SEASONS. Orch. Ac. di S. Cecilia, Molinari. Cetra-Soria 107 (6) *Comparison:* SAME—ORIG. SCORING. Conc. Hall Soc. String Orch. (*SRL* Dec. 4).	More effective recording than Cetra's "The Seasons"—but easier to record. Lovely acoustics, good perspective betw. solos, orch. Concert Hall version suffers from too much vl. solo; it's closer, a bit harsh in quality.	Molinari's simple arr. for large string orch. is relatively tasteful; no fussy distractions, keeps solo-tutti relations. Played here most musically, if with some exaggerated tempi. C. H. version, technically more correct, is no more musical than this.
MONTEVERDI: TIRSI E CLORI; IL RITORNO D'ULISSE. Max Meili, Elsa Scherz-Meister, ens. of voices, old instrs., Wenzinger. CONCERT HALL C2 (3 *pl.*) *Subscription only*	Sharp, clear, close recording, marred by tendency to blast in high-level parts (copied at too high a level?) much of music is relatively boisterous, this close!	A most desirable Monteverdi addition; music linking madrigal and later instrumental and opera styles. Some good singing, glimpses assorted lutes, recorders, harpsichord, viols, etc.
SCARLATTI - TOMMASINI: THE GOOD HUMOURED LADIES. London Symph., Sargent. Decca ffrr EDA 92 (2)	Music not well matched to the acoustics—the distant, reverberant quality here is not good to Scarlatti.	Nice playing of ballet music derived from group of Scarlatti harpsichord sonatas. Suffers from acoustics here; it needs a dry, brilliant closeness.
MUSIC OF THE 18th CENTURY. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor DM 1264 (4)	An enjoyable collection of little-known music in familiar styles, impeccably played. Mozart Symph. #27 is a most desirable item, played in excellent chamber style. Paisiello overture, cross between Mozart and Rossini, is surprisingly interesting (except bombastic ending). More Handel-Beecham in "Amaryllis" ballet excerpt. Mehul overture, "Les Deux Aveugles," is Beethoven-Weber in style, with touches of Mozart's "Jupiter." Very good recording, acoustics, surface.	

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FOR RENT, May and June, beautifully situated country home near Charlottesville, Virginia. Fully furnished. Maid. For details write "Wakefield," Earlysville, Virginia.

EAST CRAFTSBURY, northern Vermont, for sale, remodeled farmhouse, 40 acres, gorgeous mountain view; Unique summer community. Box 205-H.

WIDOW OF MUSICIAN; very musical, much travelled; speaks French, German, English; drives car, cooks, desires position as companion to elderly person or couple. Mrs. Ellen Reitler, 130 W 57 St., N.Y.C. CIrcle 6-6752, evenings.

REFINED GIRLS want apartment; house 5–9, furnished rooms, N.Y. area. Box 206-H.

YALE SENIOR AND WIFE, desiring suitable place to write during summer, will exchange room and board for half day's work each. Can offer tutoring, swimming and sailing instruction, etc.; interested almost anything. Box 207-H.

CONGENIAL YOUNG MAN offers energies, enthusiasm, expenses, for place to stay summer week-ends. Box 208-H.

YOUNG LADY will welcome stimulating correspondence from a sensible male. Box 209-H.

FOR SALE: Maryland eastern shore waterfront farm. 6-room colonial house, all modern conveniences. Regular income from share-farming. Ideal for retirement. Box 210-H.

SOPHISTICATE would exchange stimulating letters with interesting, intelligent and intrepid female seeking ecstatic, epistolary exhilaration. Box 211-H.

FEMALE AMPUTEE'S correspondence invited by young, professional male. Box 212-H.

YOUNG WOMAN, M.A., experienced junior college librarian, seeking interesting summer position preferably recreational. Could lead riding or singing. Also tutor English, history, biology, elementary German or French. Would travel. Box 213-H.

PROFESSIONAL MAN wants to correspond with mature self-sufficient woman. Box 214-H.

TRAINER, former disciplinarian, cultured international background, domineering, strict, masterful personality, invites correspondence from adaptable, sensitive girl. Box 215-H.

YOU'D BE AMAZED what made you and others yaugh yesteryear. Life, Judge, Puck, Punch, New Yorker. An interesting assortment of 10 issues guaranteed to tickle your funnybone or fancy. $10. Box 706-D.

SEMI-SWEET, pensive but practical girl, appreciating most: operatic music, literature, home-life and honest hearts, would like parallel male correspondent. Box 216-H.

RECOGNIZED AUTHOR'S representative needs extra part-time competent stenographer, regular hours, permanent. Reply: Box 218-H.

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POSITION DESIRED, anything considered. Young, unmarried Harvard M.A., 2 years teaching. Box 177-H.

YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER seeks correspondence from young charming gals. Enjoys fantasy, symphony, simplicity, sincerity. Box 171-H.

RESPONSIBLE COLLEGE GIRL, 18, desires summer experience. Interests: people, children, French, writing, mathematics. Box 172-H.

IS THERE SOMEWHERE a youngish male, neither saint nor sinner, fond of outdoor life, travel, books, and music, who would correspond with young nurse? Box 173-H.

EUROPEAN WOMAN, German background, in 50's, experienced with newspaper, book-work wishes work as university house mother, librarian. Research assistant, etc. Box 174-H.

BUSINESS WOMAN, cultured, seeking new interests, desires correspondence with mature, honorable gentleman with similar inclinations. Box 175-H.

AMIABLE MALE, many interests would like to hear from unassuming, pleasant females. Box 176-H.

TONGUE-TIED? Pen-shy? Got typewriter atrophy? Let THE WRITTEN WORD, the new book by Gorham Munson, unlock your thoughts and unleash the golden rain of editor's mazumma. Munson has helped hundreds in his courses; now it's all in his book for you to read and write! $2.95 at bookstores or Creative Age Press, Box 178-H.

CULTURED, YOUNG Chinese gentleman seeks correspondence with genteel ladies. Box 179-H.

INTELLIGENT LADY, congenial, dramatically inclined, invites correspondence from matured gentleman. Box 180-H.

FOR SALE: Complete, bound volumes of LIFE magazine, to date. Box 181-H.

CORPORATION EXECUTIVE desires tiny house for self, preferably on water, near library in town. Within hour N.Y.C., easy commuting. Give telephone, address. Box 182-H.

DISGRUNTLED OFFICE GAL, 30, seeks travel or country position neither brawn nor brain taxing. Box 183-H.

PRINTER, "Literary." Small but established and expanding publisher of poetry and belles-lettres offers extraordinary opportunity to craftsman with printshop experience. Work fascinating, future boundless. Box 184-H.

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ESTABLISHED, AMERICAN FEMALE ARTIST, specialized knowledge English Eighteenth-Century architecture, (style like Bemelmans) seeks author or publisher. She owns reference library Eighteenth-Century England. Could illustrate and collaborate on novel or children's book about English life. Box 222-H.

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TRAVEL-LOVING, YOUNG MAN welcomes correspondence with a girl interested in uncharted seas. Box 49-H.

PAUL REVERE WILL RIDE AGAIN just 174 years after he roused every Middlesex village and farm. On Easter Monday April 18 at midday watch him gallop down Broadway from 123 St. to Columbus Circle, then across 57 St. and down Fifth Ave. to Community Church at Park and 35 St. where he will hang a lantern to call all the alert to attend a modern morality play with masks to show the stupidity of war and the way through United Nations to peace. Tickets on sale at United World Federalists, 22 East 60 St. or admission at door 60 cents. Community Church, 40 East 35 St., Monday, April 18 at 8:30 P.M.

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YOUNG COLLEGE COUPLE, majors in education, desire interesting summer employment. Box 103-H.

COLLEGE JUNIOR would travel anywhere this summer. Drive, cook, photograph, or companion. Box 26-H.

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REGISTERED NURSE, business and travel experience, wants interesting, stimulating position as companion. Box 17-H.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 786

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

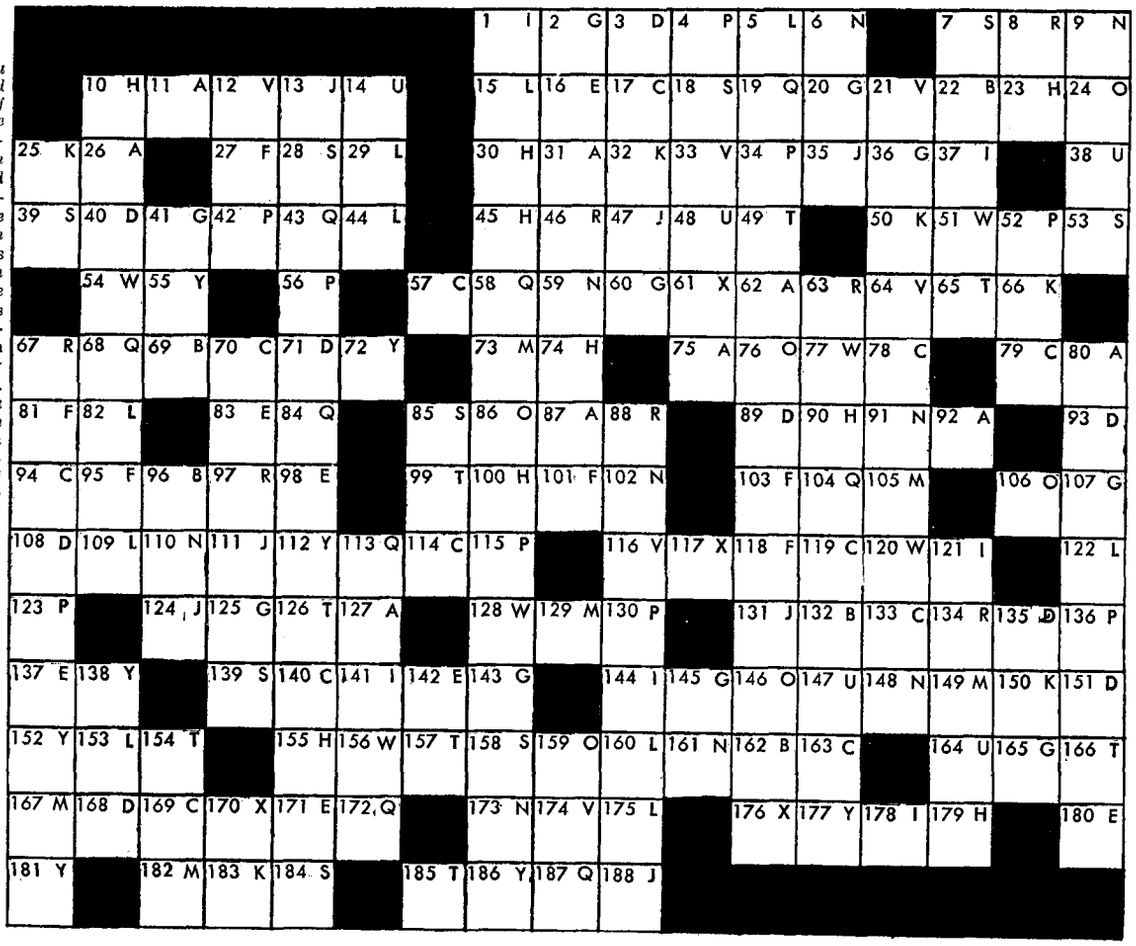
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Not dark or gloomy; luminous.	26 80 62 11 127 75 31 92 87
B. Title applied in a poem by Vachel Lindsay to Illinois Governor J. P. Altgeld.	96 69 22 162 132
C. The principal river in China (2 wds.).	163 114 140 70 17 57 78 79 94 169 133 119
D. Exciting abhorrence.	93 71 40 151 3 89 108 135 168
E. Former popular Japanese school of simple paintings and color prints of everyday life.	137 142 83 98 180 16 171
F. The drama in general (India).	81 27 103 101 95 118
G. Regulation for conduct deduced from Matthew vii (Bib., 2 wds.).	41 107 60 145 143 165 36 125 20 2
H. Amendment to the U. S. Constitution providing for Negro citizenship.	30 23 74 10 179 90 155 45 100
I. Shortened name of Spanish novelist (1867-1928; translations of his works popular in U. S.).	144 1 141 121 37 178
J. The hero's good angel in dramatic poem by Ibsen (Norweg. sp.).	13 35 188 131 47 124 111
K. Friend of Tennyson in whose memory the latter wrote "In Memoriam."	183 25 66 32 150 50
L. Dens of iniquity.	29 153 15 82 160 5 122 175 109 44

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Battle in Peninsular War, Feb. 27, 1814 (British and Spanish defeat French).	73 167 182 129 105 149
N. Officer in command of U. S. Air Forces in African invasion, Nov., 1942.	6 110 59 9 148 102 173 161 91
O. Mexican mural painter of modern school, (1883-).	86 159 146 106 24 76
P. A change in the character of a disease or constitution.	56 115 34 136 130 42 123 4 52
Q. Backbone of lowest vertebrates (anat. & zool.).	43 58 84 19 113 104 187 68 172
R. Pretty but rather empty-headed.	67 134 97 8 63 88 46
S. Traverses, as a trail.	158 28 53 18 39 184 7 85 139
T. Winks.	154 185 166 157 65 99 49 126
U. Name of a series of papers by Dr. Johnson in "Universal Chronicle," 1758-60.	164 38 147 14 48
V. Grasped the bat in the middle of the handle (baseball).	64 174 21 33 12 116
W. Victory of Cortez over the Aztecs in conquest of Mexico, July, 1520.	120 128 51 77 54 156
X. Shelf of ice, or "barrier," in sea of same name in Antarctica.	117 61 170 176
Y. Builds a nest.	72 112 186 177 181 152 55 138

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



April 16, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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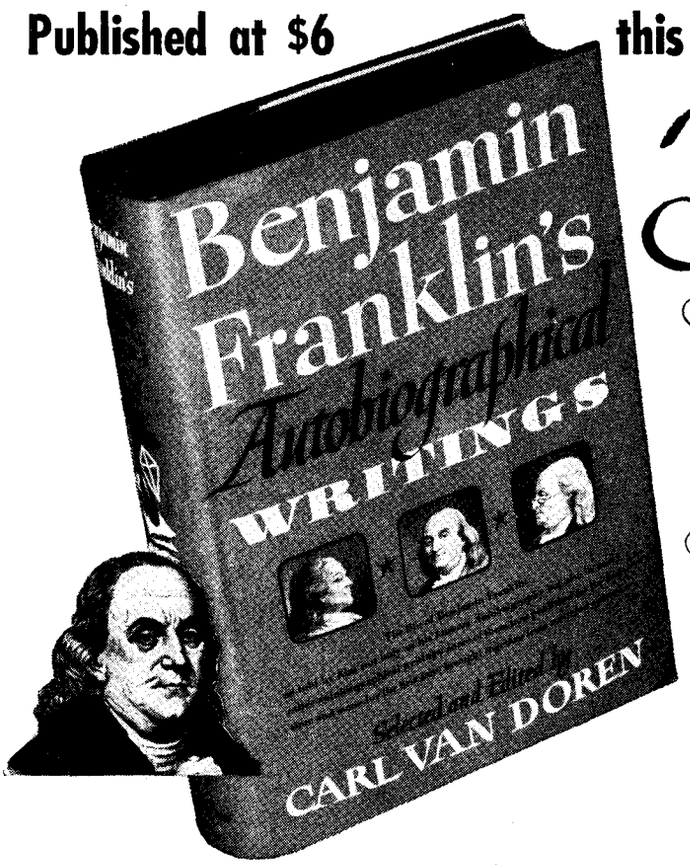

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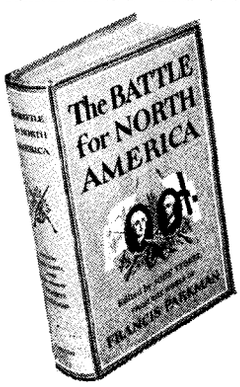

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